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ROBERT EMMET AND HIS COTEMPORARIES.—NO. VIII.

A Traitor.—The Fate of Emmet.—The Conclusion.

NEXT morning we arose early, and dispatched Denis to town with money to purchase clothes for us, if he found any difficulty in procuring our own; for Emmet was still dressed in regimentals, and I retained the old shop-keepers of the Plunket Street broker. Denis soon equipped himself, threw a sack of new potatoes across the horse's back for an apology, and, with a significant shake of his head, bid us keep up our spirits, and remember that 'all is not lost that is in danger.'

Having breakfasted on a cake of *griddle bread* and some milk, Dwyer conducted us to a mountain cavern, and left one of his men on a neighbouring eminence to render us assistance if necessary, promising to return in the evening with whatever information he could collect during the day, respecting the proceedings of the civil power.

The reverses of fortune appeared to have made but little impression on the sanguine disposition of my friend. He conversed on different topics with his usual correctness and fluency, and now and then gently chided me, when an involuntary sigh declared that my mind was ill at ease; for, though I sometimes succeeded in banishing the recollection of my madness and folly, still the misery and danger in which I had involved myself were continually before me; and, in spite of resolution and hope, reminded me of my fearful situation.

The day appeared unusually long, and we waited with anxiety for sunset; but, some hours before that period, Dwyer made his appearance, and begged to introduce a friend; at the same time showing into the cavern Mr. J—. The Exile seized our hands; and, without reproaching us for our rashness and folly, lamented the event which had reduced us to the necessity of seeking concealment in the neighbourhood of our friends.

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'But, ceremony apart,' he exclaimed, 'why remain in the mouth of danger? Why not instantly quit the country, before government obtains information respecting your names, dress, and abode? The ports of Wexford, Waterford, Cork, and several other places, are yet open; why not instantly fly to them, and quit the kingdom? This morning Denis acquainted me of your being in the country, and Dwyer has been good enough to conduct me hither, where my business is to afford you all the assistance in my power, and persuade you both instantly to fly from the dangers which surround you. I can feel for that situation which was once my own.'

'Thank you, thank you, my good friend,' replied Emmet, with great emotion; 'your counsel is wise, and I shall follow it in a few days.'

'Why not now?' inquired the Exile; 'I am ready to accompany you to any place of embarkation, and shall instantly procure the means.'

'Not for a few days,' returned Emmet. 'I cannot yet quit Ireland, whatever the consequence may be; but my friend, I believe, has no ties like mine, and can readily avail himself of your generous offer.'

'Mr. K—,' said the Exile, 'being a stranger in the country, does not stand in the danger to which you are exposed. Your name—your connexions—and, above all, the part you have acted—will draw upon you the utmost vengeance of the government; and depend on it large rewards will soon be offered for your apprehension.'

'I have no doubt of that,' replied Emmet; 'but I cannot yet quit Ireland. Excuse my obstinacy; but there is one to whom I must bid an eternal farewell, before the terrors of government shall force me into exile. Why should I refuse to acknowledge the cause? for I am not ashamed of a weakness that compels me to do an

act of justice—to beg, and, if possible, to obtain, forgiveness from a woman whom I have unintentionally injured—whom I have loved so well, that I must once more see her, hear her, and converse with her, though ten thousand deaths awaited on the interview. You now see, Mr. J——, the cause of my not complying with your advice; and, though you should condemn my notions as extravagant, I cannot consent to forego my resolution.'

The Exile now made an offer of his services to bring about the wished-for interview; but Emmet declined implicating his friend; and it was finally agreed that he and I should venture into Dublin on this very romantic business.

The lady to whom my poor friend was so enthusiastically attached was the youngest daughter of the celebrated Curran; and, if report may be credited, she was every way worthy of the affection of a heart so fond, so gentle, and so noble, as that of Robert Emmet.

The Exile having assured us that for the present there was no occasion to remain in our concealment, insisted on our accompanying him to Elmgrove; promising, at the same time, that proper persons should be placed at a distance to watch the approach of strangers. As it was advisable that we should put on our own clothes as soon as possible, I left my friends on their way to Mr. J——'s, and went to see if Denis had returned from Dublin.

On entering the cottage, the first person who met my eyes was Eliza. She had, it appeared, just returned from town, and made her first visit, for very obvious reasons, to Mrs. Howlan. I was now convinced that I had made an impression on this lovely woman's heart; and, as I gazed upon her animated countenance, I forgot for a moment my misfortunes, and believed it possible yet to be in possession of happiness. In about half an hour Denis returned, having been successful in his mission. I quickly dressed myself; and, dismissing one of the little boys with my friend's clothes to Elmgrove, then took Eliza's arm, and proceeded towards her father's. On our way she betrayed her anxiety for my safety; and, before we reached

her home, singular as it may appear under all the circumstances, we had pledged ourselves to an unalterable attachment.

Elmgrove, however, I was not destined to enter; for, just as we arrived at the door, an alarm was given of a party of cavalry approaching; and, without waiting to take leave of our friends, Emmet and I betook ourselves to the hills, where we continued until day-light next morning; when, meeting two of our friends, we went into a farmer's house, and procured some breakfast. About twelve o'clock we resolved to go towards Dublin; and, as one almost totally unknown, I was chosen to precede the party, and provide lodgings in the neighbourhood of Harold's Cross. Without meeting any thing to alarm me, I succeeded in engaging apartments in a mean-looking house, which appeared peculiarly adapted to my purpose, as it stood with its back to the road, the entrance being through an obscure door that led into the garden. Immediately after dusk I introduced Emmet, the others going to their respective homes; and here he continued for several days, during which time I took up my abode in the hotel, as usual, not thinking it right to act with any thing like secrecy. Once every day I paid my friend a visit; and, as I passed through the streets without having excited any suspicion, I resolved on remaining in Ireland till the whole affair blew over, as much with the intention of aiding the escape of Emmet, for whose apprehension a large reward was offered, as in the hope of again seeing Miss J——. During the first few days, Emmet sent several notes to Miss Curran without having obtained an answer; and at length I consented to be the bearer of a verbal message, which I was to manage with much delicacy and prudence, as the young lady had incurred, on Emmet's account, the displeasure of her friends. The day before my proposed visit to the Priory, Mr. Curran's residence, I was walking through Stephen's Green, when a person tapped me on the shoulder. Turning round in some alarm, I was at once surprised and rejoiced on seeing my cousin Malachy before me. He gave me a cordial shake of the hand; and appeared, by his friendly

manner, to have forgotten the enmity which had existed between us for some time previous to the revolt. As I was sincerely glad to see him, thus unexpectedly, at perfect liberty, I did not conceal my feelings; and, having learned that some good fortune—too long then to detail—had released him from prison, I communicated the name of my hotel, and directed him to the lodgings of my friend. He expressed the greatest satisfaction at seeing me; and having, as he said, some important information for Emmet, he proceeded towards Harold's Cross, promising to pay me a visit in the evening.

When I reached my hotel, it struck me that I had acted imprudently, and committed an error against friendship and judgment. Alas! I had a prescience of what soon took place; for, the moment the ebullition of joy on seeing Malachy had subsided, I regarded his release from prison as something rather extraordinary; it was, certainly, an event well calculated to create suspicion; and, dreading the worst of consequences, I snatched up my hat, and fled to Harold's Cross. But my speed was useless; for, when I came within sight of Emmet's lodgings, I saw the house surrounded by police officers. Good God! the feelings of that moment nearly overpowered me: my head reeled—my eyes lost their sight—and nothing but the sense of my own danger could have prevented me from falling on the road. A crowd soon collected; and, mingling in it, I had the grief and mortification to see my heroic young friend marched off a prisoner. His countenance, which I narrowly observed, betrayed no tokens of fear or perturbation, but evinced the same calm and dignified aspect which ever distinguished this extraordinary young man.

Emmet's apprehension reminded me of my own danger; and, hastening towards my hotel with the design of immediately quitting Dublin, I was met by one of the waiters, who desired me to fly, as police officers were in possession of my room and papers. There was evidently treason in all this; and I had no hesitation in fixing on Malachy as the traitor. Perhaps I wronged him; but not to suspect him was impossible.

Dublin being no longer a place for me to reside in, and my money being now in possession of the police, I had no resource but to take refuge once more in the Wicklow mountains.—About eight o'clock in the evening I reached the cottage of Denis, and was not a little surprised to find that search had been made for me there about half an hour before; and that for three days previous the yeomen were hunting through the hills for Emmet and me, they having received information of our being concealed in the mountains. This information considerably heightened my alarm; and, not thinking it prudent to remain in the cottage all night, I went out into a neighbouring field, and made my couch of a hay-stack. Fortunately for me that I did so; for early next morning Denis's cottage underwent another search.

For two days nothing was heard through the surrounding hills but the clangour of bugles, and the shouts of soldiers; while I kept continually shifting my quarters to avoid the search that was making after me. On the night of the second day, I fell in, once more, with Captain Dwyer, under whose protection I removed more to the South. Denis having reported that I had sailed for England, my pursuers relaxed in their industry; and, after being the companion of a mountain banditti for several days, I paid a kind of experimental visit to father Kavanagh, whom I had seen once or twice at Castle —. The worthy priest received me with the utmost kindness, and informed me, that he had only just returned from administering to my uncle the last rites of the church; for, though the poor old man bore the death of his eldest son with becoming fortitude, he had sunk under the imputed disgrace which Malachy had brought upon his family, it being currently reported my cousin had given information to government, though no one could substantiate the charge. Father Kavanagh was loud in his reprobation of Malachy; and, having a kind of secret chamber, he requested of me to become his guest. I gladly embraced his proposal, and continued his inmate for some time. Overcome by anxiety, I at length ventured to make the Exile,

acquainted with my place of concealment. That gentleman, on receipt of my note, hastened to me, and by his cheerfulness and conversation contributed greatly to console me: he recommended a speedy departure from the kingdom, and kindly undertook to provide the means. Respecting the fate of poor Emmet, he spoke vaguely, and seemed to think that he had no chance of escaping an ignominious death. Previous to taking his departure, he promised that I should hear from him when he had succeeded in making the proper arrangements for my departure from Ireland, and, from his confident manner, I had little doubt that the hour of my deliverance was at hand.

For three days I suffered all the horrors of suspense, but on the fourth a letter arrived; it was from my kind friend the Exile, and informed me that the captain of a merchant vessel then lying at Wexford had instructions to convey me to Lisbon. He then made some reflections on the necessity of fortitude, counselled me to bear up against misfortune with firmness, and used all those arguments which humane persons, think necessary to prepare a friend for some unexpected calamity. 'Be not alarmed,' he continued; 'I have melancholy intelligence to communicate: I have just returned from one of those scenes which fill the soul with awe and melancholy, and leave upon the mind an eternal impression of regret and sorrow. Robert Emmet, the lofty-minded patriot—the amiable enthusiast—the warm-hearted friend, and ardent lover, is no more! The hand of the executioner has extinguished the fire and energy of that soul, which burned for his country's good; and that tongue, of the purest and sublimest eloquence, is now for ever mute. Mistaken youth! thy death has been ignominious; but in thy fate there has been so much that challenges attention and excites regret, that the felon's destiny shall neither deprive thy memory of sympathy nor thy name of immortality! Thy views were doubtless erroneous, but thy intentions I believe were honest; at all events thy short career warrants the supposition, and let us not uncharitably conclude otherwise.

'He died as he lived, with heroic fearlessness, and decent fortitude. There was no way to save him. The violated laws required to be appeased, and the government has only done its duty. The amiable, though enthusiastic Emmet, however, I hope has not died in vain; our rulers must learn from his history that a people without confidence, is a moral Hydra, never to be deprived of the means of doing mischief. The head of one rebellion is no sooner lopped off than another is generated. The Hercules, who is to annihilate the monster, can only be found in that act of wisdom and justice, which is to reconcile the people to their rulers, by making them *freemen*.'

The fate of Robert Emmet demanded something more than tears, and, unprofitable as these may have been, I have continued to offer them still to his memory. But let my private sorrows pass; history one day will do him justice, I have thrown my *mite* into the scale in which his reputation yet trembles; and, inadequate as that may be, it is sincere and impartial. All ye who knew him in 'his hour of pride,' go and do likewise.

My task is now concluded: the world has been made acquainted with the extent of my crime; but "all my sufferings none can know." On these, however, I do not mean to dwell; for, happily, years of tranquil pleasures have nearly effaced the remembrance of them from my mind. After three years spent on the Continent I returned to England. A forgiving father provided in an *effectual* manner for my security, and, being no longer a child of apprehension, I paid, after some time, a visit to Ireland. Castle—I found in ruins—Malachy had joined the army, and died in the West Indies—Denis Howland I found fondly anticipating another rebellion—and all my friends at Elmgrove were as happy as virtue and independence could make them. Eliza, I thought, looked more lovely than ever, and in an evening or two I persuaded her that we were destined for each other. She did not hesitate to believe me, and still thinks I was right: half a dozen little ones hold the same opinion, and what more could even a republican like me desire? GODFREY K——N.

A MIDSUMMER-DAY'S DREAM.

THE storms are past, and the tempests are o'er,
 And Spring has let burst from his nursery store
 His emerald gems and his crocus flowers,
 And watered the earth with his 'pearly showers.'
 I have wandered awhile in the woodland shade
 Through paths that the foot of some Dryad has made,
 As she trips to her own oak-tree at e'en,

Braiding her dark-brown hair
 With the fairy-flax and the ivy green,
 And the delicate hair-bell woven between,

On a brow that might compare
 With the marble that comes from the Grecian sea,
 When 'tis carved by the chisel of Italy!

My senses are wild, and my brain is riven,
 And my fancy has strayed to the fields of heaven—
 I can picture the bodiless nations that fly,
 And, undying, disport through the glorious sky—
 The gauze-mantled sylph! I can hear him sing,
 As he drops perfume from his butterfly wing—
 As he clings in air to the spider's thread,
 Or wearied reclines on his cobweb bed.

Some hurl on high their innocuous spears,
 And silvery voices keep tune with the spheres;
 And Love fleeth past in the shape of a bee,

Borne on a filmy winglet,
 And e'en in those regions of heavenly glee
 Outdarts a tiny stinglet.

My soul is afar in the realms of air,
 And mine eye is fixed on the tournaments there,
 Though the earth is so verdant, so joyous, and fair!

How sweet 'tis to rest on a green mossy stone,
 Where one timorous sunbeam peeps in alone,

With a mild and softened lustre,
 Through the chestnut leaves and the beechen boughs,
 And the arch where the yellow laburnum strews

Each fair fantastic cluster,
 When the slender Zephyr his pinion unfurls,
 And breathes so sweet in their golden curls!—
 But the sun is high in the heavens to-day,

And splendour rides the beam,
 And glittering sights in bright array
 Provoke a golden dream!

I take a path to meadows green—
 A path, that winds two rows between—
 Two rows of thorn quick and brier
 In Nature's errant wild attire;
 Not trimmed and spruce, as 'twere to vie
 In mimic lines with masonry;
 Nor cropped, nor squared, nor dressed, nor shorn,
 But on the breeze in streamers borne.
 Around me wave such banners green,
 And such the rows I walk between.

And now—this solitary lane
 Admits me to an open plain.
 A lovely hill swells on before,
 Still glistening with the morning hoar,
 Like a beauty's breast, where one could lay
 A gentle cheek the live-long day,

And, 'basking i' the sun,' could lie,
Dreaming of love and Paradi'.

And lives the man who would not rest
Upon such beauty's snowy breast?
If such there be, let him refuse
Sleep's gentle beck on pearly dew,
Where morn's scented gales are blowing,
And buds and bells in myriads growing
With the taper rush in the velvet sod,
Where the foot of man has so seldom trod;
And afar the furze in 'green and gold'—
Iernè's* livery of old—
Y-guarded by its watchful thorn,
Emblem of vengeance, wrath, and scorn;—
And above, from a little cavern dim,
A mountain stream is rushing;
And below, o'er a granite basin's brim,
The yellow wave is gushing!—
On such a couch—on such a day—
Will not old Sleep assert his sway?
Will not he lay his leaden rod
In slumb'rous influence over
Eye of king or demi-god,
Philosopher or lover?
I therefore do as I am bid,
And own the god of the dreamy bed.

* * * *

I dreamt—and it was a curious dream—
Full in my view the vision stood;
And the types of three great states did seem
To strive for the masterhood.
The voice of the *first* was rugged and hoarse,
For she spake in a northern tongue;
Her eye was wild and her features coarse,
And her biting satire stung.
'Judge me, Impartial,' she sternly cried,
And fiercely she shook her spears—
'Judge me, and say, shall my mountain pride—
The glory of heroes in battle that died,
When they fought and fell by their mother's side—
Shall it yield as if moved with fears?
Shall it yield and bow to a purse-proud dame?
Proud only of gold and of ocean fame,
Which sordid merchants won,
Whilst I—where torrent with whirlwind rages—
Found honour in the red blood of ages,
Since the first course of the sun!'—
The *second* was a pompous dame,
And with conscious worth she smiling came:
'My neighbour, fair sir, is untutored still,
As rugged and barren and wild as the hill,
Where she grew of yore, and where still she grows,—
Oh! how unlike to the perfumed rose,
That blushes and blooms in the cultured bed,
And hangs her proudly modest head;
Judge thou between them, and say should not she
In the triple alliance the furthestmost be?'—

* Ireland.

The first was the Thistle, and this was the Rose,
When *thirdly* the green-mantled Shamrock arose.

Her form was light, and her eye was bright,
Though a tear stood trembling there ;
But her wan cheek showed that the by-gone night
Had been one of watching and care.

Yet her voice was sweet, and a gentle sigh
Heaved the white girdle that bound her,
As she dashed the tear from her sparkling eye,
And drew her green mantle around her.

‘ And shall I be injured and slighted for ever
By those who should cherish and heed me ?
And must every honest and zealous endeavour
Be made but to hurt or impede me ?

Oh ! my woes were so many, my friends were afraid
To lend a hand in my danger ;

For cruelly deep were the wounds that were made
By the sword of the Sassenah* stranger.

But the past I forgive, though posterity late
Will remember the deeds of the foeman,

And will scoff with the scorn, and brand with the hate,
That *we now* bestow on the Roman.†

My children are eager to cast off a yoke
Placed there by the tyrant and spoiler ;

And for Erin though Wisdom and Liberty spoke,
Yet did Bigotry start up to foil her.

For my sons—I am pleased with the part that they bore,
And I’d mention my favourite’s story ;

But you’ve heard of his name, so I need not say *More*,
As I leave that to fame and to glory !’

She ceased, and I should then have spoken,
But the silence of the air was broken
By a noble and commanding tongue ;
And loud, but sweet, these accents rung :—

‘ Albion, beware ! Thou couldst not stand
One little year or month or hour,

Without Hibernia’s conquering hand,
’Gainst jealous Europe’s allied power.

Wild Albion‡ too can boast her dead,
When Britain slew and Gallia bled,
With her king-hero at her head !

But the three sisters, side by side,
Shall in a *Georgian* knot be tied.

No Alexander—son of Thunder—
Shall ever slyly cut in sunder

A knot that will not burst or break
When England’s blood-red cannon speak,

As they send their ‘ winged words’ before
Whree the foe lies weltering in his gore.

But—each must vain contention smother,
For each is equal to the other,

And none above—as Erin’s gem,
Three leaves alike on one fair stem.

So shall ye blast Verona’s “ holiest” wiles ;
Thus speaks the GENIUS of the BRITISH ISLES !’

Here a rude Zephyr with his pinion
Released me from old Sleep’s dominion. R.

* Saxon.

† Nero, &c.

‡ Scotland.

PARIS SKETCHES.

THE following lively sketches are by the ingenious M. de Kock, who has already distinguished himself, in the literature of France, by several romances of merit. It is by no means uncommon to find, among the best writers of France, even in happier times than the present, that they have shone most in their slighter efforts; and there seems to be something in the French genius of the present day which forbids any continuous or lengthened production.

The periodical papers, (which are much more numerous in the French metropolis than in ours,) contain frequently essays which are full of brilliancy and point; but, as they are always of a merely local nature and interest, no one, out of the meridian of Paris, cares for them, nor are they ever translated in the journals of our own country. They, nevertheless, possess considerable merit; and, under the favour of some of the great powers who lead the public opinion in matters of taste as well as in politics, we think that they might now and then find space for some of the effusions—frivolous if they will, but still pleasing—of the French *litterateurs* of the lower forms. We are, at least, sure that if the taste of our readers resembles, as we fondly imagine it does, our own, they would rather read a description of living manners than the most disastrous accidents—the most sanguinary murder—or the most exciting case of conjugal infidelity, that ever the fertile imagination of a newsmonger has yet invented for their amusement. Impressed with this sentiment, we propose to exhibit to them some of M. de Kock's Sketches, which have the merit of being faithful resemblances of Parisian manners; and, perhaps, the more interesting, because they are rather those of ordinary life. With us (and in France it is the same) as soon as an author gets, by any means, into vogue, he becomes astonishingly genteel, and condescends to draw from none but the privileged classes, the very supreme *bon genre*. The Hermit in Paris chooses the *Chaussee d'Antin* for his retirement; and Theodore Hook, and Mr. Croker, deal only with aristocrats and fashionables, as

if they abhorred any thing that could remind them of the vulgarity of their origin. The effort is in vain; the contrivance is one which every body sees through: a poor scribbler may give himself as many airs as he will; a successful intriguer may parade, like

'Tom Errand in Beau Clincher's clothes;' a farce-writer, whose 'occupation's gone,' may affect to repay the contempt of all the world, by throwing back his own scorn at all that is best in it; but still their natural lowness sticks to them; the homeliness of their nature will no more rub off than the complexion of an African. "Let them paint an inch thick," and still this colour predominates.

M. de Kock is not of this cast—he is content to be lowly; and he knows that there is as much amusement (we think much more) to be obtained from the habits and customs of ordinary life, as from those of a more exalted tone. For ourselves, we have an old-fashioned notion that 'Tom Jones,' and 'Roderick Random,' and such like *low* productions, are worth a countless quantity of 'Sayings and Doings,' and all the best things that ever Mr. Croker ventured to write in the '*John Bull*.' We are in the habit of looking to the humbler walks of society for amusement, leaving to the higher ones the task of improving and instructing (if they can) those whom they pretend to excel in all human virtue and dignity.

This feeling has made us look with pleasure at M. de Kock's Sketches; and, as the reading public of Great Britain cannot but feel interested in the manners of their neighbours, we have resolved to transfer some of the portraits from his pages to our own. We shall begin with his pen and ink drawing of

THE BOULEVARDS.

No city in the world possesses a promenade so beautiful, so extensive, and so varied, as the long succession of boulevards in Paris. It is a perpetual fair—a living panorama—where the reflective observer may see, passing in review before him, all the different classes of society; and may

learn the manners, the dress, and the ordinary customs of each quarter of the city; for you must understand that there is a world of difference between the inhabitants of the Boulevard Italien and those of the Pont aux Choux; between the promenaders of Coblentz and those of the Turkish Garden.

At eight o'clock in the morning every thing is in motion on the Boulevards of the Temple. The shops are opened; the goods displayed; the masters are walking out; the cooks are going to market; and the artisans are going to fetch or to carry home their work. I walk on to the Porte Saint Denis, and already the scene is changed. There no one yet thinks of rising. I go on to the Boulevard de la Madeleine, where the most perfect calm prevails. Every body is asleep. Life is not the same thing here as in the quarter we have quitted; and the day commences at the Chaussee d'Antin at least three hours later than in the Marais.

I enter a coffee-house, which is just opened: the waiters look at me with astonishment; breakfast will not be ready here for the next two or three hours. At noon the fashionable people begin to appear; the shops glitter, cabriolets roll, and every thing appears animated. The world of fashion is awake, and now hastens to this quarter, which may be considered as the capital of its empire. At three o'clock the promenade is delightful: people come to show their new dresses, the elegance which has presided over their toilettes, and an air of splendour prevails throughout, which strikes with awe and astonishment the simple citizen of the Faubourg St. Antoine. It is true that the ladies and gentlemen do seem rather tired of themselves. The ladies seem to have more of coquetry than enjoyment; but they walk so gracefully—the unmeaning small talk which they utter is said in so agreeable a manner—that I cannot quit. The hours go on: I enter a coffee-house where these fashionable folks dine; but, when I cast my eyes over the bill of fare which is presented to me, I perceive that every thing is treated upon much too grand a scale for me. The potent figures upon this talisman break the

spell which has bound me: I make my exit somewhat sobered;—and now the promenade is deserted.

I turn my steps backward to the less fashionable Boulevards, and immediately the difference which I perceive in the air, manners, and dress of the people I meet, informs me that I am again entering that part of the city in which the day begins and finishes earlier. The artisan walks about singing, the soldier whistling, and the young girls looking round on each side of them, as if they were seeking something. All the young people have a kind of business air; and by this time the hour of departure has arrived. But, unlucky event! the weather is overcast; the rain begins to fall. The promenaders quicken their pace, but the big cloud bursts over them before they can reach a shelter. The scene becomes busier; the husband pulls his wife on hastily, while she busies herself in scolding him for having made her put on her best shawl. That fat matronly lady is running herself out of breath; and that younger one is filled with anxiety for the fate of her beautiful bonnet and new shoes. The young man, who has brought his mistress out for a walk curses the rain, and calls in vain to every hackney coach that passes; while that grave person opens his umbrella of many holes, which conveniently lets the rain through upon him.

It was only a summer shower—the clouds are already gone, and fair weather shines again. The umbrella is put down, calm is restored, the dresses are not much the worse, and in a quarter of an hour the Boulevards are as much thronged as if not a drop had fallen. So necessary is a promenade to many people in Paris: the old man promenades his recollections, the young lover his hopes, the author his project, the opulent man his indolence, the old lady her favourite lap-dog, the nursery-maid her children, the coxcomb his vanity, the coquette her finest clothes, the Savoyard his wonderful monkey, the grisette her black eyes, and the young girl her waking dreams.

I am now upon the Boulevard du Temple, where every body seems to be happy, and where they look at the

tricks of a dancing dog, or a juggler, with as much pleasure at least as they would have derived from the last new comedy. Night approaches, the promenaders retire, the crowd becomes thinner; some few of them remain about the magic lanterns—some, however, go home,—all is quiet, and yet it is only ten o'clock.

Since I am in the way of promenading, I will go on to Tortoni's. I quit the good people who end the day with a song, and soon lose the sound of the voices of the pretty light-hearted grisettes, who are humming the burden of the last vaudeville they heard at the Gaité. I proceed to the Chaussee d'Antin, which I reach about half-past ten o'clock. The evening is just beginning; the coffee-houses are glowing with light, and perfectly crowded; the promenade is more so than ever. I enter and call for an ice, and look on at the billiard-table. The time passes imperceptibly, and one o'clock strikes. I go out: the noise has ceased, the Boulevards are deserted; some young men, the last in the room, at length quit it; and, as they pass me, I perceive they are harassed and tired out with their day's labour. At length all are gone—but I hear no one singing.

There is an extremely pleasant and good-tempered tone of feeling in the following

HISTORY OF A BOTTLE, RELATED BY ITSELF.

I am nearly fifty years old; and, although I am, as Harlequin says, 'rather small for my age,' I have seen a good deal of the world, have passed through very different hands, and belonged to very strange masters. I have glittered in the foremost ranks, and I am reduced now to the very lowest. Often proud of containing generous wine, and sometimes mortified at holding only the humblest Suresne. I have proved every vicissitude of fortune, and I cannot now resist the inclination I feel to relate the history of my life, in the hope that my fellow-bottles may profit by my example.

When I left my paternal mansion, I was sold to a dealer, who packed me up, with many others, very carefully in straw, and sent me off to the great city, where I was consigned to a wine-

merchant. He drove a great trade in supplying supper and dinner parties; and he filled me immediately with what he called wine, of his own composition.

There were a great many of us filled with the same stuff, but having different seals. Mine happened to be green; for which reason I was selected for a wedding dinner, which my master supplied. I saw the folks dance and laugh wildly, but I happened to be very soon emptied; when the rogue who had drained me, threw me very disdainfully at his feet, and I received a hard knock on this my first entrance into the world. Filled with the same wine, but bearing a different seal, I was soon after sold to a young girl, whose father was sick.

He was a poor workman, and he only permitted himself to visit me occasionally. I languished for a long time in his cupboard, regretting the spacious cellar of my first master. At length I was emptied; but the poor sick man had no money to have me filled again—and he died.

I was sold with the rest of his goods by a hungry creditor. Bought by a drunken porter, I was filled every morning with a small kind of wine; and my new master emptied me every evening with a jovial song. This life, gay as it was, did not last long. I passed into the hands of a rich man, who had me filled with an exquisite kind of Constantia. I was perfectly intoxicated with this honour. Alas! my dear brother bottles, 'all is vanity.' My master often looked at me, but he could never persuade himself to have the wine which I held drunk. I was too precious for any ordinary occasion. I passed twenty years of my life in this gloomy cellar, cursing the Constantia of which I had before been so proud, and which was the cause of my being condemned to exist without seeing the light of the day.

Death at length carried off my master; and, on the following day, his heir emptied me, with some of his friends, in drinking to the old gentleman's safe passage into the other world. These gentlemen paid me very high compliments; but I was too old to be sensible of their flattery, and was glad to get rid of the noble dust with which

I had been covered. Soon afterwards I found myself in a shop, where they presumed to fill me with beer. This insult, I confess, was more than I could endure: I was naturally of a high spirit, and, to revenge myself, I forced out my cork. What was the consequence? They filled me with cider; and, lest worse might ensue, I restrained my indignation.

One evening I was bought by a little maker of artificial flowers, who was preparing a small entertainment for her sweetheart. She was so pretty, and her lover so sincere and so ardent, that they thought my cider ambrosia. Delightful evening in which I saw the picture of perfect felicity; how often have I remembered it—how often have I regretted it!

Passing next into the house of a rich banker, I was filled with excellent Burgundy. Often emptied, to be replenished in due course; I figured daily upon a table covered with the most sumptuous viands. Every thing about me breathed elegance and grandeur—but there was none of the joyous gaiety which prevailed at the little supper.

Then my destiny led me to the house of a gamester: and this was the saddest of all situations. I some-

times held wine, but much oftener water—the only beverage of the children of this man, who passed his life in the pursuit of fortune. At length I quitted his house for that of an old washer-woman, who filled me with brandy, and often visited me with her neighbouring gossips. I was happy enough here; the chatting I heard amused me; until one evening, when they had talked and drunk more than usual, my mistress, in putting me back into the cupboard, gave me a knock against the wall—and I was starved. This is a wound which you know is incurable with us; but, as it was thought that I might still be useful, they filled me with lamp-oil.

In this condition I await my ultimate destiny. Hitherto my life has been stormy: may its history be useful to you, my brother-bottles! and may the splendour of transitory honours never dazzle you! For my own part, I shall ever remember that the happiest moments of my life have been those in which I was filled with nothing better than cider, or very small wine.

We shall, at a future opportunity, exhibit some more of these lively Sketches.

AN IRISH CHRISTMAS FORTY YEARS SINCE.

• Christmas comes but once a year,
And when it comes it brings good cheer;
Christmas comes, and so does our mirth.

AY, ay, Mr. Editor, this used to be the case before the invention of steam-engines and air-balloons; but, since we have had Mechanics' Institutions and Ricardo Lectures, the case is entirely altered. To be sure, all the great interests of the nation, as the Chancellor of the Exchequer observed, are in a flourishing condition; and we are now, according to Mr. Owen, able to manufacture enough of cotton cloth to cover the nakedness of all the world. Our imports and exports have been more than quadrupled within the last thirty years; and poor Ireland, if you are to be believed, has shared in this national prosperity. At every public dinner, and every public assembly, we are in the habit of complimenting one

another on the progress of knowledge and civilization among us; and Dr. Birkbeck and Mr. Brougham agree that every advance in science increases the happiness of the human species. For the life of me I cannot help doubting the accuracy of this assertion; since I see that the capacities of England for augmenting her wealth operate like the gift of Midas; for, the richer she has grown, the less her people have got to eat. In Ireland the same thing has taken place; at least one stock of social happiness has greatly diminished; for we know Christmas, in the latter days, only by name. That festival is now within a few days' march of our doors, and I can see no preparation to welcome it; no brewings, bakings, or scourings, going on. The

hearts of the people seem as gloomy and frigid as the season, and I am doomed to witness another Christmas divested of all those attractions, which, even in anticipation, used to make my heart leap with joy for three months before. All is now cold, chill, and formal; vulgar occupations are no longer suspended on the approach of this once-happy season; and even the religious ceremonies, on these occasions, have undergone some alterations. It used not to be so; but then we had no Farm Societies, no premiums for encouraging the breed of hogs; we had neither wool fairs nor Scotch husbandry amongst us, and no one had the temerity to proclaim that a poor man should not cultivate his little farm. All then was truly Irish; our ploughs, harrows, and pitch-forks, were Irish; our cows, pigs, and horses, were Irish; and, what is more, our *hospitality* was really Irish.

These were the times to live in; and in these times I had the good fortune to make my *debut* on the stage of life. My father was a substantial farmer, and lived in the low thatched house which his great grandsire had erected a century before, in the little valley which is on the right-hand side of the road that runs from Wexford to Bannow. The person who writes the superstitious articles in your Magazine will direct you to the house whenever you may choose to pass that way, as he seems familiar with every part of this country. Indeed, I suspected he must have once filled the situation of a blind beggar-man's pilot; how else could he have picked up all the queer stories he has sent you?

My father was the 'noblest work of God'—he was an honest man—he was genuine *home* manufacture, and was clothed in the same material; but still there was nothing coarse about him. His venerable locks were combed backwards, and displayed a thoughtful and capacious forehead; and his

rosy countenance bore evidence to the goodness of my mother's ale. Every part of his dress bespoke ease and independence, while the silver buckles, horn-headed staff, and fair round belly, shewed that he was a man of rustic consequence. At chapel he occupied the most prominent *matt*,† on the left-hand side of the altar; and his name headed the priest's list whenever a charitable collection was to have been made. Such a man, you may be sure, was looked up to by his neighbours with somewhat of reverence; and, of course, he was not a little formal in all his proceedings. But, above all, he prided himself in following the hospitable example of his father. In addition to half a score of vagrants, he had daily to supply the wants of as many visitors; for, as there was no public inn in that part of the country, his house served all the purposes of an ancient *Betagh*, an hotel where the guest paid nothing for his entertainment: the friend and stranger were equally welcome; for it was the good man's boast that none ever left his door either dry or hungry.

Though hospitality was thus with him a kind of sentiment, still there were particular seasons in which it was considered obligatory—in which it blended itself with religion, and became, as it were, a sacred rite, hallowed by prescription. Christmas was one of these: indeed it was the principal one, and busy and solemn were the accustomed preparations for this annual festival. My father's conduct, though chiefly regulated by habit, was yet in perfect accordance with those vulgar, but sage maxims, which supersede the use of ethical studies among the bulk of mankind. For almost every day in the year, and for nearly every possible situation in life, he had a trite saying: one of these I remember well, for it prognosticated bustle, and was big with expectation: it was this—

'Know ye all, that St. Thomas divine
Is for baking, and brewing, and killing of
swine.'

* We hope our correspondent is not serious; if he be, we are the last who should give publicity to his insinuation.—EDITOR.

† A *matt* was a kind of straw mattress, laid on the ground, for the purpose of kneeling on. These have gone out of fashion. We have now three galleries, two of which are occupied exclusively by the *better sort of people*; for vanity has found its way to Rathangan.

It was but seldom, however, that such multifarious duties as are here indicated were protracted to so late a period as St. Thomas's Day. The brewing, at least, was always finished six weeks before, and the black and white puddings, which lined the capacious chimney, showed that the pig had been for some time in salt. Roast beef being an indispensable dish on a Christmas Day, the heifer or bullock was never slaughtered until about three days before; and, of course, the saint's day was always a busy one. On Christmas Eve the oven was usually heated; and thus expectation was kept on tiptoe until the arrival of this season of gladness and festivity.

Let Mrs. Trimmer say what she pleases, the life of a school-boy is not an enviable one; so at least I once thought, and so I fancy thought most boys on the approach of Christmas. Buonaparte, in his most ambitious hours, when devising plans for the subjugation of Europe, never experienced greater anxiety than I did when about to propose a *barring-out* to my school-fellows: and such was our desire of being freed from restraint, that we generally attempted this *coup-de-main* at least six clear weeks before the proper time. Unfortunately the enterprise generally miscarried, not from want of unanimity among ourselves; but from the numerous facilities of ingress which an Irish academy in country parts afforded a 'lean and slippered' pedagogue. The hour, at length, however, came; and our young minds expatiated on the boundless joys afforded by twelve successive holydays.

Many were the complaints of mother and maids at the event which restored me to home on Christmas Eve. Amidst the bustle and activity which then usually prevailed, I was a constant stumbling-block. My mother hit against me on her way to the parlour; my grandmamma, a *collough* of eighty, fell over me as she ran to rock the cradle; and Betsey was upset by my *hurley*, with a *keeler* of cream between her hands. Still I held my ground. I had my cake in the oven; and, until the *peeler* (not a policeman) drew it from the heated orifice, neither kicks nor cuffs—neither words nor blows—could force me from the scene

of action. But, my bread once buttered, I became useful. I cut the hemlock which polished the pewter dishes; caught the fowl which were to be sacrificed to the season; and sifted the gritty sand over the parlour floor. Nay, more; I kept the pigs at a respectful distance from the dairy door; and drew ale for my father when he was thirsty. At length, complimented as a good boy, I obtained permission to sit down by the parlour fire, where I generally waited in patient expectation of the hour when the confusion was to subside, and the cessation of toil and labour proclaim that the preparations had been concluded. Then, indeed, I would feel that Christmas had commenced. For an hour or two the blazing turf fire in the kitchen was the point of attraction; and unsparing was the broad mirth which there prevailed. Religion, however, would interpose its authority. The household would be commanded to prepare for the midnight Mass; for none would think of sleep on so solemn an hour. By eleven o'clock the whole family would be apparelled in their best clothes, and, soon after, proceed to the house of prayer.

I have stood beneath the dome of St. Peter's, and knelt on the floor of that holy edifice, when the Pope, in all the pomp of Catholicity, officiated, but never felt that spiritual delight, that hallowed devotion, and that pure and ardent zeal, which used to fill my very soul with ecstasy in the little thatched chapel at Rathangan. Years nor absence have not been able to efface from my recollection any thing connected with this primitive temple. I think I see its humble roof—with a wooden cross stuck in the gable-end—before me, as it once stood on the right-hand side of the road. How often have I wondered at the crowds which used to surround it before Mass on a Sunday! and how nimbly did I often run, on hearing the tinkling of the little bell from the green paddock behind it, in the hope of securing a place near to the altar before the people rushed in! Its interior exhibited many proofs of the religion professed by its frequenters. The little painted altar—the crucifix—the holy water-pots—and the twelve stations—clearly indicated a place of

Catholic worship; and, though it wanted the pealing organ, the Gothic windows, and the painted ceiling of more splendid edifices—I question if Heaven has ever listened to sincerer prayers than those addressed from this lowly chapel. Pure zeal and ardent piety characterized its congregation; for they were simple and ignorant. Ay,—start not, ye Biblicals—they were profoundly ignorant of—**EVIL!**

Although the chapel of Rathangan was always calculated for inspiring devotion, it was at a midnight Christmas Mass that its influence was more immediately felt. The ‘dim religious light,’ shed from the few economical candles that were burning, added to the solemnity of the hour; and the clinking of the beads, as they were piously counted, sometimes tended to show the holy stillness which reigned around. Not unfrequently, however, the storm raged without; and, at such times, a midnight Mass was truly impressive. I have heard many a one; and never yet left the house of God, on such occasions, without feeling myself elevated, as it were, above the cares of mortality. The last time I attended Rathangan, a bishop, Dr. Stafford,* officiated; and, as usual, we had the Christmas carols sung. Talk not of the ‘Messiah’ of Handel; for my part I never heard any thing half so sublime as the carol which three brothers used to sing, at midnight Mass, commencing thus:—

‘The darkest midnight in December,
Great cause we have all to remember!
The BABE who on this night was born.’

These midnight Masses have been

* He was the titular bishop of Ferns, and resided in this parish. Some years afterwards he was killed by a fall from his horse. An anecdote, to the truth of which I can bear witness, will exemplify the primeval simplicity of his character, as well as the character of the people, at this comparatively recent period. One of his parishioners having had some money left to him by a friend, who died in the West Indies, was under the necessity of going to Dublin to receive it. At first the honest farmer hesitated, and considered with himself whether he had not better forego his claim to the property than venture on such a journey. The advice of friends, however, prevailed; and, after six months’ preparation, he resolved to set out. Previous to his doing so, the good bishop addressed the congregation from the altar—informed them of the enterprise on which their old neighbour was bent—and concluded his exhortation by imploring their prayers for the safe return of the farmer. The distance from Rathangan to Dublin was scarcely seventy miles.

Such was the isolated situation of this part of the kingdom at that time, that the people knew nothing of the penal laws—not even by name. I can declare most solemnly that I never heard of them—never heard my father, or any other old man, allude to them—until I left that part of the country. The peasantry had some vague notions of wars and confiscations; but they knew nothing distinctly, except that Protestants had obtained the mastership.

discontinued; and I am sorry for it. Were it only for the *custom*—for the associations connected with them—they ought still to be persevered in. Piety could not object to them; and,—but that’s true—you are, I understand, a follower of John Black’s intellectual creed—a Protestant, and, of course, you know nothing about the matter. Let me, therefore, introduce you, *sans ceremonie*, to a Christmas morning.

Returned from chapel ere day-light (like a coy maiden) has peeped from her eastern curtains, the house is filled with friends, followers, and neighbours. ‘A happy Christmas,’ is the morning salutation; and then follows the substantial breakfast. The brown loaf—half barley, half wheaten—is cut up in triangular junks; the foaming tankard stands upon the table; and the guests crowd upon each other. More has been consumed on such a morning than would make insolvents of half our modern farmers; and yet our fathers wore frize coats and felt hats, and knew nothing of Scotch husbandry.

But the dinner, sir, the dinner, was the *opus magnum*. Bacon and *cutlin* pudding, roast beef, boiled beef, ducks, chickens, pullets, and turkeys, with a string of *et ceteras* as long as a plough-chain. ‘Like master like man’ was the order of the day. Guests there were none; for who would dine from home on a Christmas Day? Oh! sir, those were the times! Hunger was then confined to your pestilential cities; for the peasantry, at least the Irish peasantry, knew nothing of it. The evening, you may be sure, was devoted ‘to mirth and

brown ale;' and 'the wren—the wren, the king of all birds,'—ushered in St. Stephen's Day. But the *mummers* were the point of attraction. Their first *performance* always took place in a field adjoining the chapel on this day; and, when a boy, the pleasure I felt at witnessing the sport was considerably damped by the terror which the attendant *clowns* inspired. It was, however, I must confess, notwithstanding the presence of Darby and Joan, a pleasing sight to see twelve athletic young men, dressed out in ribands and silk-handkerchiefs, go through their artful evolutions for the purpose of pleasing the crowd. You must not judge of our mummers by the buffoons who exhibit on St. Stephen's Day in your streets; for theirs was no mercenary motive. They accepted of nothing but an invitation to dinner or supper; and their company was an honour which was conferred only upon a select few. My father's house was the first they usually visited; and, on this occasion, the ould black oak table 'groaned with the weight of the feast.' Whiskey flowed in goblets brimming full, and the rich ales sparkled even through the opacity of earthen bowls. But eating and drinking gave me little care; my time was always sufficiently occupied in laughing at the wit of Darby and Joan. Nothing, I thought, could be finer than that of presenting the captain with a dish of ashes for *sturabout*, and then sticking a live coal in it as a substitute for butter. Perhaps these things then delighted, because I was young and unsophisticated. There may be some truth in this; but surely those customs and profusions, however rude, which made all happy, should not be thoughtlessly condemned. Our pea-

santry, forty years since, evinced in their moral and boisterous conduct a total exemption from grinding poverty; and the absence of care may be inferred from the fact, that the twelve days of Christmas were then an uninterrupted jubilee, during which no profane work was done. The time was devoted to mumming, hurling, and dancing. Every door stood open, and every table was covered with abundance. 'Drink and depart' is the injunction usually written over an oriental fountain; but in Ireland it was 'Stop and regale yourself.'

My paper is almost exhausted, and I have not room to tell you how the remainder of Christmas was spent in my paternal home. Enough, however, is here stated to show, that our 'rude forefathers' were much happier than their degenerate sons; and I think an association formed for the purpose of restoring ancient manners, ancient customs, and, above all, an Irish Christmas of forty years since, would be of incalculable service to this suffering country. I speak feelingly on this subject. After an absence of two score years, I have returned to the land of my fathers; but, instead of finding, as I expected, Christmas such as I left it, what has been my surprise to find hardly a trace of it? My brother sneers at, and has departed from, his father's system. He has got Scotch ploughs, and Scotch ploughmen; Leicester ewes, and Dutch cows; yet, after all, he is not able to keep Christmas such as his father kept it. Still he talks of arts and science—the improvement in navigation and agriculture; but curse upon all these, say I, if they have only tended to banish an ancient Christmas from the land.

Roleen.

MON STAFFORD.

* We derive the name and practice of *mumming* from our English ancestors; for we are all Strongbonians. Mummers were common in England until within the last forty years, if not even later; and that we borrowed the *pastime* from thence is evident from the names of the *dramatis personæ*. St. George is one of the most prominent characters; and, though we had a St. Patrick, he was a mere *walking gentleman*, for he had but little to do. Our neighbours of Munster, according to Mr. Croker, have mummers at May Day. With us they exhibit only at Christmas. Indeed I suspect that Mr. Croker has applied an English name to an Irish custom; for it does not appear that the Munster mummers perform in *character*. *Mummer*, according to Johnson, is derived from the Danish *mumme*, which signifies a masker, or one who performs frolics in a personated dress. The company generally consisted of twelve persons, and were chosen from among the most respectable and active young men in the parish. The custom, however, is rapidly falling into disuse.

KELLY'S REMINISCENCES.*

THERE was never, probably, since the beginning of the world, a period to which Horace's *docti indoctique scribimus* could be more just applied than this in which we live. Every body writes memoirs; and even such persons as James Hardy Vaux, the pickpocket, and Harriette Wilson, the—what must not be mentioned—put in their claim to live in after-ages. While such persons are the chroniclers of their own fame, we see no reason that Mr. Michael Kelly should not also detail to the public all the important matters which he has seen, or said, or sung, from his first appearance on the world's stage to the present time; when, in the common course of nature, he is perhaps soon to quit it for ever. Artists of every description are, from the nature of their lives, thrown into busy and varied scenes, and have opportunities of observing characters which are denied to persons of more fixed and regular habits. Their wits (such as they are,) are kept in constant exercise; and even the dullest wits will polish by frequent rubbing. Actors, more than any others, are a proof of the truth of this observation. The daily habit of saying the fine things which authors put into their mouths makes them have a relish of wit in themselves—like the wine-casks, which, though empty, retain the flavour of the generous liquor that has been poured into them; or like the horse-hair bags in which the Jews sweat guineas, and to which constant shaking makes some portion of the precious metal adhere. Such a bag, or such a cask, is Mr. Kelly; who has just made himself the author of two volumes of memoirs. Because he has lived in strange times, and seen some extraordinary persons, his stories are not uninteresting; but, for any merit of his own, he is as empty as either of the vessels we have been talking of. For this reason, in giving our readers a notion of such parts of his work as may be amusing to them, we shall take the liberty of overlooking the author as much as possible. It can-

not be very important to the public to know that Mr. Kelly's father and mother lived in Dublin; and that our author being destined for the musical profession, received as good a preparatory education as could be got for him in Ireland; after which he was sent to Naples. He pursued his studies upon the Continent under various masters; and he does not omit to hint frequently, with that *modesty* for which their foes say our countrymen are so remarkable, that he was universally applauded.—Whether this were so or not he knows much better than we do; but we must condole with him upon the inferiority of British musical connoisseurs, when compared with those of the Continent, because we never heard that Mr. Kelly stood very high indeed in the estimation of the latter. He was considered a pretty good playhouse singer, and nothing more. However, what is more to our immediate purpose is, that while at Vienna he became acquainted with the great Mozart, of whom he gives the following description:—

'He was a remarkably small man, very thin and pale, with a profusion of fine fair hair, of which he was rather vain. He gave me a cordial invitation to his house, of which I availed myself, and passed a great part of my time there. He always received me with kindness and hospitality. He was remarkably fond of punch, of which beverage I have seen him take copious draughts. He was also fond of billiards, and had an excellent billiard-table in his house. Many and many a game have I played with him, but always came off second best. He gave Sunday concerts, at which, I never was missing. He was kind-hearted, and always ready to oblige, but so very particular, when he played, that, if the slightest noise were made, he instantly left off.'

Mr. Kelly was present at the first representation of Mozart's '*Nozze di Figaro*,' and gives a striking and interesting account of it. We must confess that we are obliged to envy him the treat which this must have been.

'Paesello's *Barbiere di Siviglia*, which he composed in Russia, and brought with him to Vienna, was got up; Signor Mau-

* Reminiscences of Michael Kelly, of the King's Theatre, and Theatre Royal Drury Lane, including a period of nearly half a century; with original Anecdotes of many distinguished Persons, Political, Literary, and Musical; in two vols. Henry Colburn. London, 1825.

dini and I played the part of Count Almaviva alternately; Storace was the Rosina. There were three operas now on the tapis, one by Regini, another by Salieri (the Grotto of Trophonius), and one by Mozart, by special command of the emperor. Mozart chose to have Beaumarchais' French comedy, "*Le Mariage de Figaro*," made into an Italian opera, which was done with great ability, by Da Ponte. These three pieces were nearly ready for representation at the same time, and each composer claimed the right of producing his opera for the first. The contest raised much discord, and parties were formed. The characters of the three men were all very different. Mozart was as touchy as gunpowder, and swore he would put the score of his opera into the fire if it was not produced first; his claim was backed by a strong party: on the contrary, Regini was working like a mole in the dark to get precedence.

The third candidate was Maestro di Cappella to the court, a clever shrewd man, possessed of what Bacon called crooked wisdom, and his claims were backed by three of the principal performers, who formed a cabal not easily put down. Every one of the opera company took part in the contest. I alone was a stickler for Mozart, and naturally enough, for he had a claim on my warmest wishes, from my adoration of his powerful genius, and the debt of gratitude I owed him, for many personal favours.

The mighty contest was put an end to by his majesty issuing a mandate for Mozart's "*Nozze di Figaro*," to be instantly put into rehearsal; and none more than Michael O'Kelly, enjoyed the little great man's triumph over his rivals.

Of all the performers in this opera at that time, but one survives—myself. It was allowed that never was opera stronger cast. I have seen it performed at different periods in other countries, and well too, but no more to compare with its original performance than light is to darkness. All the original performers had the advantage of the instruction of the composer, who transfused into their minds his inspired meaning. I never shall forget his little animated countenance, when lighted up with the glowing rays of genius;—it is as impossible to describe it, as it would be to paint sunbeams.

I called on him one evening, he said to me, "I have just finished a little duet for my opera, you shall hear it." He sat down to the piano, and we sang it. I was delighted with it, and the musical world will give me credit for being so, when I mention the duet, sung by Count Almaviva and Susan, "*Crudel perchè finora farmi*

languire così." A more delicious morceau never was penned by man, and it has often been a source of pleasure to me, to have been the first who heard it, and to have sung it with its greatly gifted composer. I remember at the first rehearsal of the full band Mozart was on the stage with his crimson pelisse and gold-laced cocked hat, giving the time of the music to the orchestra. Figaro's song, "*Non più andrai, farfallone amoroso*," Bennuci gave with the greatest animation, and power of voice.

I was standing close to Mozart, who, *sotto voce*, was repeating, bravo! bravo! Bennuci; and when Bennuci came to the fine passage, "*Cherubino, alla vittoria, alla gloria militar*," which he gave out with Stentorian lungs, the effect was electricity itself, for the whole of the performers on the stage, and those in the orchestra, as if actuated by one feeling of delight, vociferated bravo! bravo! Maestro. Viva, viva, grande Mozart. Those in the orchestra I thought would never have ceased applauding, by beating the bows of their violins against the music desks. The little man acknowledged, by repeated obeisances, his thanks for the distinguished mark of enthusiastic applause bestowed upon him.

One of the principal inducements we have had in bringing these Memoirs before our readers' notice was to introduce to them some anecdotes which the author tells of the late Mr. Sheridan; and which, although they are very different from the elegant and lively relations of Mr. Moore, are yet satisfactory; and not the less so because they are told of him by a man who did not love him too well. Mr. Kelly, wisely enough, disclaims any dislike to him, now that he is dead; but, when he was alive, Sheridan's constant practice of cutting him up, and making him appear more ridiculous than Nature and his own industry could effect, although it made him fear the wit, prevented his loving him. There is, however, not much malice in his stories. The fact of Sheridan's having written a libel on himself, with the intention of refuting it, and of never having done so, is here confirmed; and illustrates, in the most striking manner, that indolence, which did him more real harm than all the malice of his enemies.

No man was ever more sore and frightened at criticism than he was, from his first outset in life. He dreaded the newspapers; and always courted their friendship. I have many times heard him say, "Let me

but have the periodical press on my side, and there should be nothing in this country which I would not accomplish."

' This sensitiveness of his, as regarded newspapers, renders the following anecdote rather curious:—after he had fought his famous duel at Bath, with Colonel Matthews, on Mrs. Sheridan's (Miss Linley's) account, an article of the most venomous kind was sent from Bath, to Mr. William Woodfall, the editor of the "Public Advertiser," in London, to insert in that paper. The article was so terribly bitter against Sheridan, that Woodfall took it to him. After reading it, he said to Woodfall, "My good friend, the writer of this article has done his best to vilify me in all ways, but he has done it badly and clumsily. I will write a character of myself, as coming from an anonymous writer, which you will insert in your paper. In a day or two after, I will send you another article, as coming from another anonymous correspondent, vindicating me, and refuting most satisfactorily, point by point, every particle of what has been written in the previous one."

' Woodfall promised that he would attend to his wishes; and Sheridan accordingly wrote one of the most vituperative articles against himself, that mortal ever penned, which he sent to Woodfall, who immediately inserted it in his newspaper, as agreed upon.

' Day after day passed; the calumnies which Sheridan had invented against himself, got circulation, and were in every body's mouth; and day after day did Mr. Woodfall wait for the refutation which was to set all to rights, and expose the fallacy of the accusations; but, strange to say, Sheridan never could prevail upon himself to take the trouble to write one line in his own vindication; and the libels which he invented against himself, remain to this hour wholly uncontradicted.

' I was well acquainted with Mr. Woodfall, who declared to me that this was the fact.

We cannot help suspecting that some of the following particulars have been coloured; but we give them as we find them:—

' Another instance of his neglect for his own interest, came (amongst many others) to my knowledge. He had a particular desire to have an audience of his late majesty, who was then at Windsor; it was on some point which he wished to carry, for the good of the theatre. He mentioned it to his present majesty, who, with the kindness which on every occasion he showed him, did him the honour to say, that he would take him to Windsor himself, and appointed him to be at Carlton House, to set off with his royal highness precisely at

eleven o'clock. He called upon me, and said, "My dear Mic, I am going to Windsor with the prince the day after to-morrow; I must be with him at eleven o'clock in the morning, to a moment, and to be in readiness at that early hour, you must give me a bed at your house; I shall then only have to cross the way to Carlton House, and be punctual to the appointment of his royal highness."

' I had no bed to offer him but my own, which I ordered to be got in readiness for him; and he, with his brother-in-law, Charles Ward, came to dinner with me. Among other things at table, there was a roast neck of mutton, which was sent away untouched. As the servant was taking it out of the room, I observed, "There goes a dinner fit for a king;" alluding to his late majesty's known partiality for that particular dish.

' The next morning I went out of town, to dine and sleep, purposely to accommodate Mr. Sheridan with my bed; and got home again about four o'clock in the afternoon, when I was told by my servant that Mr. Sheridan was up stairs still, fast asleep—that he had been sent for, several times, from Carlton House, but nothing could prevail upon him to get up.

' It appears that, in about an hour after I had quitted town, he called at the saloon, and told my servant maid, that "he knew she had a dinner fit for a king, in the house, a cold roast neck of mutton," and asked her, if she had any wine. She told him there were, in a closet, five bottles of port, two of madeira, and one of brandy, the whole of which, I found that he, Richardson, and Charles Ward, after eating the neck of mutton for dinner, had consumed; on hearing this, it was easy to account for his drowsiness in the morning. He was not able to raise his head from his pillow, nor did he get out of bed until seven o'clock, when he had some dinner.'

Mr. Kelly takes upon himself to contradict the story of the money offered by the king to his old friend, when he was lying at the point of death without common comforts; but we fear his evidence does not go far enough to disprove what we could wish were untrue.

' There were reports industriously circulated through the kingdom, that Mr. Sheridan, in his latter moments, was left in want of the common necessities of life; and the malignant propagators of the report, went so far to gratify their own malice, as to assert that he called for a lemon, when exhausted with thirst, and that neither he, nor those about him, had the means of procuring him one. I, amongst

a thousand others, heard this foolish tale asserted, but I can solemnly aver, from my own knowledge, and from the evidence of those who were nearest and dearest to him, and who remained with him in his last moments, that all such reports were groundless, and fabricated for the most atrocious purposes of scandal.

'These dealers in malignity stated, that the sum of two hundred pounds was conveyed to Mr. Sheridan in a way that wounded his feelings, and returned by his direction, with the resentment of wounded pride. It is true the money was sent, but in a totally different manner to that described, and returned in a totally different manner to what the world was taught to believe. The real fact is, that Mr. Sheridan's physician, then attending him, and also one of his most intimate friends, undertook to deliver it back to the illustrious donor, and, with all respect, to assure him that Mr. Sheridan was in want of no pecuniary assistance.

'I sent, a few days before he died, for his own man, who was in attendance on him during the whole of his illness, and whom I knew to be faithfully attached to his master. He can testify that I entreated him to inform me if his master was in want of any comforts, for with any thing my means would afford, I would furnish him; but not to let him or the family know it came from me. John assured me that his master was in want of nothing, and that those who had reported to the contrary, and made up libellous and injurious tales upon the subject, spoke falsely, and were base calumniators.

'The loss I sustained by Mr. Sheridan's death I can but faintly depict: he was, as a companion and friend, to me beyond measure invaluable; his readiness and taste were conspicuous; his wit, though luxuriant and unbounded, never intrusive; and during the five and twenty years through which I enjoyed his friendship and society, I never heard him say a single word that could wound the feelings of a human being.'

After speaking in this manner of Mr. Sheridan, Mr. Kelly has the bad taste to tell some stories against himself, which are, nevertheless, true enough; and one of which, although it has been often told before, was never yet related publicly by an eye-witness.

'One of Mr. Sheridan's favourite amusements, in his hours of recreation, was that of making blunders for me, and relating them to my friends, vouching for the truth of them with the most perfect gravity. One I remember was, that one night, when Drury Lane Theatre was crowded to excess

in every part, I was peeping through the hole in the stage curtain, and John Kemble, who was standing on the stage near me, asked me how the house looked, and that I replied, "By J—s, you can't stick a pin's head in any part of it—it is literally *chuck* full; but how much fuller will it be to-morrow night, when the king comes!"

'Another of Mr. Sheridan's jests against me was, that one day, having walked with him to Kemble's house, in Great Russell Street, Bloomsbury, when the streets were very dirty, and having gone up the steps while Mr. Sheridan was scraping the dirt off his shoes, I asked him to scrape for me while I was knocking at the door.

'Of all our poets, Dryden was Mr. Sheridan's favourite; many a time and oft, when sitting over our wine, have I heard him quote at great length from him. It was truly a treat to hear him recite poetry; he had a powerful voice, and nothing, when animated, could surpass the brilliancy of his countenance, and the fire of his eye.'

'Much good remains upon authentic record, relative to Mr. Sheridan, which even his greatest enemies could never deny. Some of the stories which exist against him, however, have a vast deal of humour in them, and one which has often been told, I think worth inserting, because having been an eye-witness of the circumstance, I am enabled to show the very "head and front of his offending."

'We were one day in earnest conversation close to the gate of the path, which was then open to the public, leading across the churchyard of St. Paul's, Covent Garden, from King Street to Henrietta Street, when Mr. Holloway, who was a creditor of Sheridan's to a considerable amount, came up to us on horseback, and accosted Sheridan in a tone of something more like anger than sorrow, and complained that he never could get admittance when he called, vowing vengeance against the infernal Swiss Monsieur François, if he did not let him in the next time he went to Hertford Street.

'Holloway was really in a passion. Sheridan knew that he was vain of his judgment in horse-flesh, and without taking any notice of the violence of his manner, burst into an exclamation upon the beauty of the horse which he rode,—he struck the right chord.

"Why," said Holloway, "I think I may say, there never was a prettier creature than this. You were speaking to me, when I last saw you, about a horse for Mrs. Sheridan: now this would be a treasure for a lady."

"Does he canter well?" said Sheridan.

"Beautifully," replied Holloway.

"If that's the case, Holloway," said Sheridan, "I really should not mind

stretching a point for him. Will you have the kindness to let me see his paces?"

"To be sure," said the lawyer; and putting himself into a graceful attitude, he threw his nag into a canter along the market.

'The moment his back was turned, Sheridan wished me good morning, and went off through the church-yard, where no horse could follow, into Bedford Street, laughing immoderately, as did, indeed, several standers by. The only person not entertained by this practical joke was Mr. Holloway himself.'

Another of Sheridan's jokes, played off upon Dignum, is told, in which the malice of the rival singer peeps out. The piece of the 'Water Carrier,' in which a dog was introduced, was then the rage of the town, as the man-monkey is now.

'One day Mr. Sheridan having dined with me, we went to see the performance of this wonderful dog: as we entered the green-room, Dignum (who played in the piece) said to Mr. Sheridan, with a woeful countenance, "Sir, there is no guarding against illness, it is truly lamentable to stop the run of a successful piece like this; but really"—"Really what?" cried Sheridan, interrupting him.

"I am so unwell," continued Dignum, "that I cannot go on longer than to-night."

"You!" exclaimed Sheridan, "my good fellow, you terrified me; I thought you were going to say that the dog was taken ill."

'Poor Dignum did not relish this reply half so much as the rest of the company in the green-room did.'

Mr. Kelly does not often venture on the pathetic, and never succeeded so well as in the following anecdote, which has a touching effect, no less from the facts, than from the simple unpretending manner in which it is told. After mentioning a gallant French nobleman, who had been obliged to quit France during the Revolution, he gives an account of his meeting him in London.

'One morning he called on me, and said he had a favour to beg of me. I requested him to command my services: he said, "My dear Kelly, I am under many obligations for your repeated acts of kindness and hospitality to me and my friends; but still, though under a cloud, and labouring under misfortunes, I cannot forget that I am the Duke D'Augillon, and cannot stoop to borrow or beg from mortal; but I confess I am nearly reduced to my last shilling, yet still I retain my health

and spirits; formerly, when I was a great amateur, I was particularly partial to copying music,—it was then a source of amusement to me. Now, my good friend, the favour, I am about to ask, is that, *sub rosa*, you will get me music to copy for your theatres, upon the same terms as you would give to any common copyist, who was a stranger to you. I am now used to privations, my wants are few; though accustomed to palaces, I can content myself with a single bed-room up two pair of stairs; and if you will grant my request, you will enable me to possess the high gratification of earning my morsel by the work of my hands."

'I was moved almost to tears by the application, and was at a loss what to answer, but thought of what Lear says,

"Take physic, pomp!"

and "to what man may be reduced." I told him I thought I could procure him as much copying as he could do, and he appeared quite delighted; and the next day I procured plenty for him. He rose by day-light to accomplish his task—was at work all day—and at night, full dressed, in the Opera House in the pit. While there, he felt himself Duke D'Augillon; and no one ever suspected him to be a drudge in the morning, copying music for a shilling per sheet: and, strange to say, that his spirits never drooped: nine Englishmen out of ten under such circumstances would have destroyed themselves; but the transitory peace of mind he enjoyed was not of long duration; an order came from the Alien Office for him and his friends to leave England in two days; they took an affectionate leave of me: the duke went to Hamburgh, and there was condemned to be shot. They told me that he died like a hero.

'He had a favourite Danish dog, a beautiful animal, which he consigned to my protection, until, as he told me, he had an opportunity to send for him with safety. I pledged myself to take every care of him, and never shall I forget his parting with this faithful animal; it seemed as if the last link which held him to society was breaking; the dog had been the faithful companion of his prosperity—his adversity—he caressed, and shed a flood of tears on quitting it—the scene was grievous; but I did not then think that I should never see the duke more. I took every care of his poor dog—who, missing his kind master, after a little, refused *all nourishment*, and actually *pined and died*. Yet he survived the being who had fed and cherished him.'

Another anecdote, connected with the French Revolution, is curious.

'One evening, I was sitting at the Café

de Foix, in the Palais Royal, with my two friends, Macarthy and Fagan, and at the same table was seated the notorious republican Tom Paine, and with him the well-known Governor Wall; these two worthy persons were pouring forth to a groupe that crowded round the table, the most horrid invectives against the King and Queen; my blood boiled to hear the miscreants vomit forth their infernal doctrines, and revolutionary principles. In the midst of their harangue a courier entered the coffee room with intelligence, that the King, Queen, and family had been taken prisoners at Varennes; never shall I forget the delight of that caitiff Tom Paine; his Bardolph face blazed with delight, and Governor Wall loudly vociferated curses on their heads.'

Mr. Kelly's theatrical employments threw him into contact with the celebrated Monk Lewis, the circumstances of whose death are thus told.

'After his father's decease he went to Jamaica, to visit his large estates. When there, for the amusement of his slaves, he caused his favourite drama, "The Castle Spectre," to be performed; they were delighted, but of all the parts which struck them, that which delighted them most was the character of Hassan, the black. He used indiscreetly to mix with these people in the hours of recreation, and seemed, from his mistaken urbanity and ill-judged condescension, to be their very idol. Presuming on indulgence, which they were not prepared to feel or appreciate, they petitioned him to emancipate them. He told them, that during his lifetime it could not be done, but gave them a solemn promise, that at his death, they should have their freedom. Alas! it was a fatal promise for him, for on the passage homeward he died, it has been said, by poison, administered by three of his favourite black brethren; whom he was bringing to England to make free British subjects of, and who, thinking that by killing their master they should gain their promised liberty; in return for all his liberal treatment, put an end to his existence at the first favourable opportunity.

'This anecdote I received from a gentleman, who was at Jamaica when Mr. Lewis sailed for England, and I relate it as I heard it, without pledging myself to its entire authenticity.

'It is, however, notorious that he died at sea; and it has often been remarked, that the death of a person so well known in the circles of literature and fashion, as he was, never created so slight a sensation. This evidently arose from circumstances which had removed him from the imme-

diate world with which he had been accustomed to mix; and having been already absent from it for a length of time, his departure from the general world, was neither felt nor commented upon.'

With one more extract—on the subject of hunting in Ireland—which is so whimsical that we almost wish it were true—we shall conclude.

'One morning, riding with an old friend of mine, we saw, near the Black Rock, two strapping, shirtless fellows, real *sans culottes*, on the back of a poor half-starved horse, which seemed to be sinking under the weight, hardly able to crawl along the road. On my friend saying, what a pity it was to load the poor beast with two outside passengers, one of the riders who overheard him, cried out, "Please your honour and glory, sir, will you be pleased to tell us, are the hounds far before us?"

The faults of this book are, first, that it ought not to have been written at all, (and here, with the Commandant in Joe Millar, we might stop,) and, secondly, that Mr. Kelly is not a fit man to write it. Encumbered with all the narrow servile notions which usually characterize actors and other people who never think, subjects, which in other hands would have been striking, become 'flat and unprofitable' when touched by him. He has all the garrulity and tediousness of old age; and nothing to enliven it but the faint recollection of former pertness; which, like an old maid's vivacity, only serves to exhibit the ridiculous more strongly. It is loyal *usque ad nauseam*. We do not profess to be behind other good subjects in respect and attachment to our monarch; but it is because we really entertain these feelings that it makes us sick to listen to the devout aspirations of this 'importer of music, and composer of wine,' as Sheridan called him. Upon the whole, while it is inferior to most similar productions, yet it has a certain attraction, because it ministers to that curiosity which every one feels to learn any particulars relating to distinguished persons. With such persons Mr. Kelly's fate has happened to throw him into contact; and it is well for him that it has been so. He has, however, set a dangerous example; for, all the 'pickers up of unconsidered trifles' will immediately set about writing; and every butler or

valet who has lived in noble families, and has a tolerable memory, will see how easy a thing it is to become an author; and, by writing—if he has so far profited by the charity schools as to be able to write—and, if not,

by coaxing some accomplished housemaid to help him—his *Reminiscences* will earn him deathless glory, and a place, in the Temple of Fame, only inferior to that of Mr. Kelly.

THE DYING BARD TO HIS FRIEND.

DEAR R——, I'm going—I'm dished—it is plain,
And you'll never laugh with me or at me again;
My cares are wound up, and my troubles are past,
My pills are all swallowed, my draughts are all taken,—
The doctors declare that this night is my last;
So you see that there's nothing can now save my bacon.
I must start before sunrise, while others may snore,
Though I think early rising a damnable bore;
But in cases like this there's no cure for the evil,
So for once I shall try to be serious and civil.
One thing's most annoying—I know not the road
That's to lead me along to my final abode;
And vainly I've asked for the point where it lay,
Oh! not one that I spoke to had e'er gone that way:
However, I'll see, as my course I pursue,
To keep some smooth Swaddlers or Saints in my view;
They'll show me the path to a hair, never doubt it—
They've studied the maps, and they know all about it.

* * * *

I shall take a sly peep at the moon as I pass,
To see if it's made of green cheese or of brass;
Or try to make out that strange spring that still guides
The freaks of the brain, or the turn of the tides:
For all that they say about laws of attraction
Explains not the matter to my satisfaction.
To that wonderful chamber my course shall be bent,
Where the things that are lost upon earth hath been sent.
Oh! strange is that place! it would bother one's brains
To know what that mighty museum contains:
There rests in its nook Royal York's hot oration,
With each long address of each dull corporation;
Granny Eldon's salt tears, and the promised Report
Of the frauds and the faults of the Chancery Court:
The wits of O'Connell, his taste and good breeding,
With the thrice-spoken speeches that tired us in reading;
The fat of Lord Manners—Tom Ellis's sense—
And Norbury's hatred of puns and of pence:
Will Cobbett's late writings—his early opinions—
And Sir Gregor M'Gregor's extended dominions;
The Dublin Society's genius and science,
With the honour and faith of the Holy Alliance.
All these in this marvellous chamber are thrown—
But to me there's much more in the moon to be shown:
I must ramble much farther, and mark with due care
The beautiful vales and the streams that are there;
Or talk with the natives, and get information
About this most singular fortification,
Which the erudite German declares, in a cross style,
Assumes an appearance that now is quite hostile.

Some think the thing serious—some deem it a jest—
But I'll sift it through, and soon set it at rest.

* * * *

Then, leaving the moon, midst the comets I'll steer,
And pay my respects—if the heat lets me near :
I must pick out some small one before it sets sail,
And count all the hairs and the sparks in its tail.
You know how the learned, the great, and the small,
Are puzzled to find what these things are at all.
Some deem them old worlds, from use worn out,
That, to keep the sky aired, are sent burning about ;
Some think them mere ' Wills-of-the-Wisp ' that have hovered
O'er marshes but lately in Saturn discovered ;
While others declare they're young suns running mad,
Or hells sent afloat with the souls that are bad ;
But I'll look to my notes, and transmit you a lecture
That soon shall demolish this heap of conjecture.

* * * *

By the stars I shall pass ; and be sure, when I'm there,
I'll find how they've stuck them so thick in the air ;
And, though climbing's a thing that I'm rather afraid of,
I'll venture a little to try what they're made of.
Some say they're cods' eyes ordered up from the main,
That, when properly tainted, shed light from on high :
Some think them old moons brought to use back again,
And cut up in small pieces to garnish the sky.
Of this I can judge—but it's said they preside
O'er the fortunes of some, from the first to the last ;
From the birth to the tomb they still govern or guide,
Through the struggles of life—till these struggles are past.
I know not how true this old doctrine may be,
Such airy vagaries were never my care ;
But the star that the knowing ones picked out for me
Was one of most villainous aspect, I'll swear.
In each mood and each motion it led me astray,
At least it's but seldom I went the right way.

* * * *

Let your answer come soon, for the chances are many,
That, if not sent in haste, I shall never get any :
And, now that I'm leaving your world far behind me,
I'm sure I don't know where a letter may find me.
The address, and all that, I must leave to your care ;
But, howe'er you direct it, just add an—' elsewhere :'
For like soldiers they shift in these regions, 'tis said—
At least they all say so who talk of the dead.
Ah ! there's an advantage we papists have surely—
On a change of the scene we can reckon securely ;
There's the ' hell of the fathers,' the ' hell of the damned,'
And the ' limbo,' where poor little children are crammed ;
And others—while you, a poor Protestant dunce,
Must pack up, and march to head-quarters at once.
Of the comforts of scorching your church has bereft you,
Not a choice or a chance of new lodgings is left you :
But my fingers now shrink from the task of inditing,
Farewell !—keep this letter—and don't forget writing.

THE HERMIT IN IRELAND.—NO. VII.

A COMMON CASE.

FRIENDLY Reader,—I am one of those wayward creatures, who, disregarding the sneers of the heartless cynic, or the denunciations of the gloomy misanthrope, can venture, even in our own evil days, to think favourably of poor human nature. Of course, like all other prejudiced persons, I feel gratified by every thing that accords with my own peculiar notions; and, consequently, irritated by any thing to the contrary. An act of passing generosity, or a trait of simple philanthropy, affords me, at all times, a heartfelt delight; but a detected instance of treachery, cruelty, or selfishness, presses upon my spirits with weight peculiarly painful. Probably those who are the more immediate sufferers feel not more keenly on these occasions than I do. Such things come as a sort of withering blast over the hopes that I had been previously forming of mankind; they operate as the uprooters of long-cherished predilections—amiably, it may be admitted, though probably grounded in weakness. Where instances of depravity occur, I am in general eager to trace the details; and it gives me a melancholy sort of consolation when I can discover any circumstance that can arise in the shape of palliation, any feature that can serve as a mitigation, not of the punishment, but of the guilt incurred; something to show that the ill-fated criminal is not entirely lost to feeling, to shame, and to religion. I imagine there are few cases of this kind, in which some such redeeming feature may not be found; and this should teach all of us, if possible, to avoid hasty and indiscriminate condemnation. When we hear of men who stand charged with great and glaring transgressions, let us pause before we make them out as wretches abandoned by Heaven, and lost to every hope of amendment. We know not the motives, the secret spring of action,—we saw not the struggles that may have agitated the spirit of the culprit. As the poet (and he was himself one of the chil-

dren of Frailty) feelingly expresses it,

‘What’s done we fairly may compute,
But never what’s resisted.’

Let us learn, then, to be indulgent in our mode of judging; let us be gentle in our censuring and not pronounce the final sentence of harshness until all the circumstances come clearly and unsuspectingly before us.

It is in this spirit that I should like strangers, particularly those residing at a distance, to decide upon the conduct and the character of my ill-treated and calumniated countrymen—I mean the Irish peasantry. This measure of simple equity has never been conceded to them: they have been, for years, the easy victims of misrepresentation—sufferers from partial exaggeration—and those who were sedulous in blazoning forth their excesses were at all times studious to conceal from the world the causes which produced such melancholy effects. Many of the wretched characters in question have, no doubt, committed serious offences; but some of these, though not easily justified, may be readily palliated. Glaring injustice, continued oppression, and bitter insult, will sometimes drive men of the best disposition to deeds of desperation. The peasantry of Ireland have had their wrongs—they have had their provocations; and, when we speak of their faults, let this be kept in remembrance.

The little history which follows was gathered during a late ramble. The case of the sufferer is a melancholy, but, I am afraid, a common one.

* * *

In the entire barony of Monabeg there was not, for many years, a man who was more lamented at his death than Charley Russell—one who was better spoken of at his wake, or whose funeral was more numerously attended. He was born in the barony. Through the course of a long life he had conducted himself with fairness and respectability; and, though for some years past he

had been evidently in declining circumstances, it did not at all diminish the friendship or attachment of his neighbours: he had many children, for he was twice married, but two only survived him—William, a young man of two-and-twenty, and Mary, a lovely girl, now turned of nineteen. William was a lad of an excellent disposition; his education, too, had been something better than that of the farmers' sons in general, for it was intended, at one period, to have fixed him in business in the metropolis. He had an old relative, who had been, for many years, book-keeper in an eminent mercantile house there; and this old man gave the father great encouragement with regard to William: he continually repeated in his letters, 'I'll make a man of him; but, first of all, he must be a good clerk.'

Thus far all was well;—the lad devoted himself to his studies—he learned all which the master at Monabeg was able to teach him—'arithmetic, book-keeping, by single and double entry, mensuration, navigation, and the use of the globes:' he got also a little smattering of Latin, but it was little indeed. Thus accomplished, he set out with a beating heart for Dublin. He waited upon his old cousin, who appointed the next morning for his examination. This was a trying scene for William. With two or three crooked questions in compound interest he was sorely puzzled;—he conquered them, however; but in book-keeping the old man had no equal; and, when William declared himself unable to master a few hard matters which he proposed, he lost all temper. 'Go home, sir,' said he, 'to your father; tell him I cannot recommend you to any friend of mine; and, indeed, I don't think you are fit for business. As to your teacher, he is but an idiot. Good morning to you.' Such was their parting: the old man died soon after, and William, giving up all thoughts of trade, remained to assist his father as a farmer.

The death of the latter produced a serious, and rather a sudden, alteration in the projects of the son. The old man had possessed a small an-

nuity, which always secured him from the apprehension of absolute want; in addition to this, his landlord, in consideration of his past punctuality, did not feel disposed to press him too closely for the arrears of rent; but, immediately after his death, the case appeared completely altered. William received a letter claiming the amount of the arrears, with the half-year's rent just due, and threatening, in the event of non-payment, to sell off the farm, and issue an ejectment. There was no alternative—the stock was quietly disposed of, the farm given up; the annuity, of course, ended with the life of the possessor; and the children of Charley Russell were thus, at an early period of life, thrown upon the world in a state of absolute destitution.

Mary, after many struggles, was compelled to go to service; she procured an employment in the family of a neighbour, a Mr. Burke, one of those whom the people in that quarter style Gentlemen Farmers. William, as yet unwilling to sink into a mere day-labourer, took the thought of commencing as a schoolmaster in the dwelling of his old teacher, who was but lately dead. This was, probably, the very best step he could have taken under the circumstances; he was generally known, and, what was still better, generally liked. He was a good accountant, wrote a fine hand, and was an excellent English scholar. The result was such as might have been anticipated; he met with the warmest encouragement: his school was crowded—his hours fully occupied—and, if he could have prevailed on his patrons to be regular in their payments, he might have been quite comfortable; as it was, he should not have felt disposed to complain.

He was enabled to clothe and support himself, and this, as matters stood with him, was no trifling consideration; he was anxious, however, to do something more than this;—not that he felt a wish for accumulating money; on this point he was quite a philosopher; but there was one for whose sake he wished to be independent. He had been, for many years, fondly attached to Catherine

Wilson, the only daughter of a small farmer, who lived not far from the village of Monabeg. Catherine, although handsome, was a prudent and steady girl; her beauty had not spoiled her. She liked William beyond any other; but she agreed with her father in thinking that one with a fortune like hers (for she had thirty pounds, and a good feather bed) could hardly consent to marry a young man who was quite penniless. She expressed the same sentiment to William himself; and he, however he might blame her for the want of affection, could not but commend her prudence. His case was now nearly hopeless; as a schoolmaster he could never make money; and, unless he could procure some situation in which he could advance himself, he saw that he must for ever resign the idea of being united to Catherine Wilson. His thoughts naturally turned to Dublin, and thither at once he determined to proceed. To this determination another melancholy feeling now urged him. His sister, his beloved Mary, had been weak enough to listen to the oaths and the promises of young Burke;—she had yielded to his importunities, and soon experienced the fate that attends all those who, like her, are lost to virtue. She was neglected by him; and, after striving for a time to conceal her shame, she at length took refuge in a poor hovel, where she died in giving birth to a child, who was not destined to survive her. To poor William this was the most cutting blow of all. Filled with shame and grief, he at once broke up his school; and, after taking a hasty leave of Catherine, and a few other friends, he set off for the metropolis.

Here, however, he was unsuccessful; nothing offered that seemed likely to answer him; and, after lingering on for several weeks in hopes of doing some good, he saw his money nearly all gone, and his health seriously impaired. His uneasiness and anxiety brought on a fever, from which he narrowly escaped with his life. At home, the story ran that he was dead and buried: every one lamented his fate; and even Catherine Wilson, in her feeling of pity for him,

now regretted her past conduct. William, on recovering, prepared at once to move homewards; he returned, and was warmly received; every one welcomed him, and appeared glad to see him. He re-opened his school; and, in a short time, found himself nearly as much occupied as ever. The father of Catherine was but lately dead—she was now at her own disposal; and, whatever she might formerly have thought, she now felt disposed to reward the affectionate constancy of her lover. After some necessary delays they were married, and William removed his school to the barn of his late father-in-law. An old man, a follower of Wilson's, assisted him in tilling the little farm, so that with some care he was enabled to attend to both pursuits.

A few happy years passed on, and two beautiful boys crowned the loves of William and his Catherine. They felt easy and contented; they were not rich, nor could they be said to feel the pressure of poverty. Two bad seasons, however, succeeding each other, made the farm, for some time, rather a losing concern: the rent was made up with some trouble, but the county taxes and the tithes came hardly and heavily on them; the latter were the property of a gentleman who resided principally in England. His collector, however, was always on the spot, and he was rigour itself, in exacting the full amount of his claim. He was not so scrupulous, however, with regard to his own payments. From mismanagement or extravagance, he became embarrassed; and, finally, had recourse to the Insolvent Act.

The poor farmers now fancied they had done with him as a collector; but in this they were sadly mistaken. After procuring his discharge, he appeared once more among them loaded with processes, and ready to drive or distrain. Some refused paying him as he was an insolvent; but many of them, and, among the rest, William Russell, was frightened into compliance. They were soon made sensible of their error. A new collector was appointed, and notice was given that no allowance could be made to those who were weak enough to have paid their tithes to the insolvent. This was a

hard case—it was an act of oppression—and the poor sufferers united in resisting it. This, however, was quite useless. The law was against them; and a day was fixed for receiving payment, or carrying off the stock of those who were not prepared to settle. The day came—the collector went his rounds, attended by a strong party of police, commanded by young Burke, the seducer of Mary Russell—they went from farm to farm; and, as few of the poor people were prepared, the cow or the pig was at once driven away. They came to the dwelling of Russell; he was out at the moment. His wife offered them a part of the money, begging of the collector to accept it, with a promise of paying the balance in two days.

‘The cow must travel,’ cried Burke, with a savage sneer; ‘the little Kerry cow.’

Poor Catherine heard this with a heavy heart. Her children were just recovering from the measles, and without the milk of this little cow they must perish; nothing, however, could be done—the cow was driven off with the others—and, when William returned home, he found his wife weeping in hopeless misery over her sickly children. She told him all that had passed, and he rushed at once from the house. The people in the mean time had collected in great numbers; they were hastily armed, and bent upon rescuing their cattle. William joined the crowd, and they proceeded at the moment in pursuit of the police. They overtook them near the village of Monabeg, and called on them in a quiet way to give up their booty. The police knew not

how to act; the country people were nearly five to one, and their number appeared still to increase. A few shots were fired over their heads, to try to intimidate them; but this only made them press on the closer. At this moment Burke, who stood with a pistol in his right hand, called out to Russell to ‘come on.’ The latter was armed merely with a stick; this made Burke the more confident.

‘Come, Russell,’ said he, ‘why do you not advance? Bring your valiant troops to the charge, until we pepper them a little. Why are you so cowardly? Why, man, your sister had more spunk in her. Eh! Billy, she was not backward for her age.’

Poor Russell could bear no more—he rushed forward—and, dashing the pistol from the hand of Burke, he, with one blow, felled him to the earth:—the blow was repeated—it fell upon the head of the seducer, and he never moved after it. The police were attacked on all sides; and, after a terrible struggle, were routed, and the cattle carried off. Some of the country folks were badly wounded, but no life was lost except the one.

The slavish journals of the day rung with reports of this ‘abominable outrage’:—the ‘unprovoked aggression’—the ‘savage and ferocious attack’—the ‘cold-blooded murder’—the ‘amiable victim’—and all the other pet terms, were brought regularly into requisition. As to William Russell—need we pause to say what was his fate? He was taken—tried—condemned—and, finally, executed. In the eyes of some he appeared a mere murderer; but the heart of many a suffering one acquitted him.

THE WOODCUTTER AND DEATH.

From the French of Boileau.

His bundle of sticks a poor woodcutter found

Too much for a back over-burdened with years;

And, flinging the faggot with pain on the ground,

For Death, in its stead, he petitioned with tears:

Ay, rather than heap it again on his load

Of age and of aches he would die on the road.

Though a hundred times called, yet, unmoved by his tears,

His deathship was lazy or loth to attend;

When, quite unexpected, at length he appears,

Complacently asking, ‘What wouldst thou, good friend?’—

‘Who I?’—‘Yes; thou calledst, friend. What dost thou lack?’

‘Oh! nothing—but just to put this on my back.’

New Ross.

W. G.

SUPERSTITIONS OF THE IRISH PEASANTRY.—NO. IX.

ALLHALLOW EVE.

THE last day of October, whatever the Almanacks may say to the contrary, is, with the Irish peasantry, the conclusion of autumn. None but a sloven would have potatoes to pit, stacks to thatch, or hay to draw home, after this time; and, as the Paddies, like all the children of Genius, are a procrastinating race, the Eve of Allhallows is generally a busy day. They seldom think of doing this week what *may* be done the next; and hence the bustle and activity which characterize the last day of October throughout the South of Ireland. Thus the feast of the 'harvest home' always takes place on an evening devoted to *divination*;* for why should not the Irish rustics have a peep into futurity as well as their betters? Being no great adepts in the theories of Lavater and Spurzheim, instead of examining the *lumps* or physiognomy of their sweethearts, they resort to what they consider more infallible interpreters to ascertain the disposition of their future partners; or, what is of more consequence, perhaps, to discover whether the object of their choice is decreed to bless their arms. Things of this nature can only be done on the Eve of Allhallows. Is it any wonder, therefore, that on such

a night boys and girls are willing to draw aside the opaque veil which conceals the future from mortal eyes?

Some years since, when people had more faith than at present in sowing hemp-seed backwards, the kitchen of a *cozy* farmer, not far from Kilkenny, was filled with servants, followers, dependents, and neighbours. They had just finished digging the potatoes, and yet felt as little fatigued as if they had only returned from chapel on a Sunday. The monarch of the house was seated in his antiquated chair, which always stood in the corner; and his wife and daughters were busy preparing the *kalecanon*, which kept hissing beneath two half hundred weights, in a large pot on the fire. People may talk of Irish misery and wretchedness; but, phsaw! in what farmer's house are either of these ever found? Not in that of Ned Kavanagh's, any how; for the carcasses of half a dozen pigs lined his ample chimney. Milk was so plenty that the hogs were fed with it; and so little was thought of potatoes, that Ned would not allow his horses to eat them, unless they had been boiled. On this night there were lashings gulhore of every thing; the *kalecanon*† was moistened with half

* General Vallancy, speaking of Allhallow Eve, says, 'On the Oidhche Shamhna, or vigil of Saman, the peasants of Ireland assemble with sticks and clubs, going from house to house, collecting money, bread-cake, butter, cheese, eggs, &c. &c. for the feast, repeating verses in honour of the solemnity, demanding preparations for the festival in the name of St. Columb Kill, desiring them to lay aside the fatted calf, and to bring forth the black sheep. The good women are employed in making the griddle cake and candles: these last are sent from house to house in the vicinity, and are lighted up on the (Saman) next day, before which they pray, or are supposed to pray, for the departed soul of the donor. Every house abounds in the best viands they can afford. Apples and nuts are devoured in abundance; the nut-shells are burnt, and from the ashes many strange things are foretold. Cabbages are torn up by the root. Hemp-seed is sown by the maidens, and they believe that, if they look, they will see the apparition of the man intended for their future spouse. They hang a shift before the fire, on the close of the feast, and sit up all night, concealed in a corner of the room, convinced that his apparition will come down the chimney and turn the shift. They throw a ball of yarn out of the window, and wind it out he reel within, convinced that if they repeat the Pater Noster backwards, and look at the ball of yarn without, they will then also see his sith, or apparition. They dip for apples in a tub of water, and endeavour to bring one up in their mouth. They suspend a cord with a cross stick, with apples at one point, and candles lighted at the other; and endeavour to catch the apple, while it is in a circular motion, in the mouth. These and many other superstitious ceremonies, the remains of Druidism, are observed on this holiday, which will never be eradicated while the name of Saman is permitted to remain.'

† This is called *Callicannon* by the peasantry: it is made of potatoes, cabbage, carrots, parsnips, and turnips, all boiled and blended together.

a firkin of butter; and the whiskey punch was handed about in wooden noggins. Opportunely enough a piper made his appearance just as the house had been swept, and a jig or two was danced; but this was a night sacred to other purposes, and, accordingly, the boys began to prepare other pastimes.

The long-concealed apples were brought from the hay-rick; and a large tub of water being placed in the middle of the floor, the largest apple was thrown in, and became the property of whoever could catch it in his mouth. Loud and lengthened were the peals of laughter which followed each successive ducking; for the prize was to be obtained only by getting it between the teeth and the bottom of the tub, as hands were prohibited from being used.

After some time this sport gave way to another. A stick was suspended by the middle, a lighted candle fastened to one end, an apple to the other. The machine was then twirled round, and the most dexterous were challenged to catch the apple with their mouth. In this attempt many eyebrows were singed, many lips greased, and many noses burnt. Such misfortunes only provoked laughter at the expense of the sufferer; and, when all had in vain endeavoured to secure the prize, attention was called off to another trick.

A plank was nicely balanced on a form, an apple placed on one end, and a tub of water placed under it. Whoever mounted this plank and seized the fruit with his mouth, was allowed to eat it. As they knew but little about the centre of gravity, a ducking was generally the reward of the enterprise; and, of course, loud laughter followed.

Many similar sports succeeded; and these in turn gave way to another species of amusement. The company formed a circle round the fire, and whoever doubted the sincerity of their lovers placed two nuts, side by side, on the hottest part of the hearth-stone. If they burnt without stirring, it was a proof of their fidelity; but, if either of them flew off, the reverse was inferred. The parties subject to this ordeal need not be present; and, on this night, there were few young

people in the country whose fidelity had not been put to the test.

'Och musha,' said Ned, after a fit of laughing, 'I'm sick of such nonsense. When I was a boy, by the livens, we had other sport; something that would try a fellow's mettle. What think you, Biddy Brady, of going down to the ould lime-kiln at the bottom of the *boughareen*, in the stone field, and throwing in your ball of thread, and then axen, "Who houlds my bottom of yarn?"'

'Troth, masther honny,' replied Biddy, 'I wouldn't do that this blessed night for all the king's dominions; for sure, ent the good people allowed to do all the mischief in their power at twelve o'clock to-night?'

'Faith and that's true, Biddy agraph,' said the granny in the corner, 'for its a murdering bad thing to be doen foolish tricks on All Saints Eve, when people ought to be prayen for their poor sinful sowl, or the sowl of those who are gone before 'em. It's now, let me see, three-and-thirty years since Father Mogue, Lord be marcifal to his sowl in glory, preached a most beautiful sarmon on the death of Molly Meyler, who died from seeing the devil, Christ save us! on *All Holland Eve*.'

'The devil! How was that?' asked twenty voices, the company at the same time drawing closer to the fire.

'Tis a sad and a sorrowful story,' replied the old woman, 'but *fakes* not a bit o' myself but forgets the greater part of it. All I know is, that Molly lived in the house where Johnny Walsh lives now, and was a brave, clean, hearty girl. Like most thackeens, who don't know when they are well off, she thought it should never be day wid her until she got married, and so she should try on All Saints' Eve who her husband was to be. She went alone by herself to the kiln, and threw in her ball of thread, holding the end of it in her hand. She began to wind and wind, and thought, as no one held it, that she would never get married. But begad, at length and at long run, she felt some one pulling against her. "Who houlds my bottom of yarn?" axed Molly; and she was answered by a loud laugh. "Ah!" said she,

Johnny Farrell, is that you?" quite delighted, bekase Johnny was an ould sort of sweetheart of hers. But it wasn't Johnny, nether; for then there was another laugh.

"Come out o' that you, spalpeen you," said Molly, "and don't be frightening a body with your laughing, as if you had got a mare's nest." The word wasn't well out of her mouth, when, cross o' Christ about us! the ould boy himself stood right forenent her, grinning as if he would have eaten her. She screeched like a Banshee; and run home as fast as her legs would carry her, took to her bed, and never come alive out of it. So you see what a dangerous thing it is to be doen such things.'

'Sure enough, granny,' said one of Ned's children, 'for don't you know the story which *Kiltough* Nancy was telling us the other night, about the two girls who went to sow the hemp-seed; and, instead of seeing their sweethearts, saw the devil himself?'

'Oh!' said one of the potatoe-diggers, 'that was bekase they sowed it in the name of Ould Nick; and what betther luck could they have?'

'The devil burn me,' said Ned, 'if I ever liked sowed hemp-seed at all at all; but where's the harm in a body pullen cabbage, or winnowen corn, or?'

'Oh, God bless you, man!' interrupted a beggar-woman, who had taken her seat on the settle, 'don't be afther sayen any thing about winnowen corn; for sure Peter Purcell's woman, of Gurchennimoge—and a *froughoolough* woman she was—and a good body to give a trencher of meal to a poor traveller—lost her life that way.'

'How was that?' inquired several persons present.

'Why you must know,' proceeded the old woman, 'that as the boys and girls, on an All Holland Eve, were laughen and sporten, may be as you are now doen, one o' 'em says, "I'll go into the barn and winnow some corn, and try if I shan't see the man to whom I am to be married." Wud-out more ado, out she goes, as nimble as a cricket, opens the barn door, and the haggard door, takes a riddle-ful of corn, and begins to winnow it;

but, before she had half done, a man steps in and takes the riddle out of her hands. Who should he be the exact image of but Peter Purcell himself, her own master? and in she runs and says, "Musha masther, why didn't you let me finish my winnow-en?" "Me?" says Peter; "arra, you foolish thackeen, I didn't stir out of this corner since you went out." Every other body in the house said the same; and, at last, the girl went out again. The same person came once more—took the riddle out of her hand—and she still thought it was her master; and, though they all swore it wasn't, she would not believe 'em. "No, no," said she, "don't be afther thinken to frighten me; for sure I know my own masther, at any rate. Hadn't he on his own blue big coat, his grey stockens, and the ould caubeen, which he wears when he is mending his brogues, or doen any thing else by the fire? and didn't I see his face too?"

'At this they all laughed; but Peter's wife held down her head, and looked very sorrowful, sure enough, as well she might; for she knew she should die. "The will o' God be done," said she; "I am a dead woman before this night twelvemonth; and my own servant girl will be the mistress of my house, and the mother of my childer: but, Anty (that was the girl's name), do you be kind to these little ones, and Heaven will be your bed." Peter strived to laugh; but, faith, his wife spoke nothen but God's truth; for, in six months after, I ate the bread which was given away at her birn; and, soon after, as God wud have it, Anty got married to Peter.'

'God bless us all!' said the granny, 'what a strange thing! and how like what happened to a cousin of mine. His name was Andy Murphy, and he lived with his father at Croulchtown. They had the farm for little or nothen; but, as they were no good to manage it, they were always striven and striven, and never could be out of debt. The women were mere *slameens*; and so every thing in the house was *filthafottha*,—and *threena heltha*,—upside down. As the ould cock crows, the young one larns; and, faith, Andy was his daddy's son

from head to foot—a lazy little good-for-nothen garsoon—God forgive him his sins—and would never do any thing for his own good. He was in every mischief in the country; and one saint's eve he was playen his pranks. He took three pewter platters from off the dresser, filled one with meal, another with ashes, and a third with earth. He then went out, tied a handkerchief over his eyes—like one goen to play *boder-boodcen*—and walked in on his hands and feet. A person in the mean time had placed the platters on the floor, in a way anocent to Andy, who was to grope them out. If he put his hand first into the one wud the meal, he was to be a wealthy man; if in the one wud the ashes, he was to live long: but, if in the one wud the earth, he was to die soon. Poor Audy, as bad luck wud have it, popped his hand into the clay, and then turned as pale as a cloth. In less than three months afterwards he was killed in a fight betune the Murphys and the Reynolds's.

By the time the old woman had concluded, it was discovered that the apples were all eaten. 'Let us go and steal some,' said one of the boys. 'I know a hay-rick in which a bushelful are hid.'

'Away wid you,' said Paddy Moran, drawing his stool closer to the fire; 'but the Puck take me if I go.'

'Oh! that's true, Paddy,' said Ned, 'didn't you see the Phooka one night?'

'Troth you may sing that,' replied Paddy, 'and myself never went through so much since or before. I often tould all about it; and, if you all like, I'll tell it again.'

The company immediately assented; and Paddy went on with his adventure with the mischievous

PHOOKA.

'Of all nights in the year,' said Paddy, 'it was on All Holland Eve that I met the Phooka. We had just finished diggen the phaties at my ould masther's; and, as he wasn't a nig-gard with his drop, we got lashens of whiskey. About twelve o'clock at night, nothen would do me but to go home to my mother's cabin for to bring some apples, which I had there, to the girls. Every one o' them

said I was blind drunk; but, troth, I wasn't more than half gone. Well, out I went, and promised to be back in a giffy. Goen over the garden stile my foot slipt, and I tumbled head over heels, but soon got up again, and got into the little meadow leaden down to the river. I crossed the ford; but, when in the stubble field, what should I see runnen right forenent me, but a great, big, red, mad, bull, with fire flaming from his eyes, mouth, and nose! You may be sure I cried "War hawk!" and took to my heels. I run for the bare life; but still the bull was red-hot afther me; and every minute I thought he would stick his horns in me. I tried all I could to get away from him, but it was of no manner of use, for still he was close behind me. At length I ran to the top of Billy Ryan's lime-kiln; but, faith, here I was near hand being done for; the bull made no more ado than jumped up afther me; and, while you'd be cryen "Be easy," pitched me over into the bushes. I thought sure that my back was fairly broke; and I wonder now that it wasn't. By-and-by, a man comes up to me, and says, "Musha, bad luck to you, Paddy Moran; and is it there you are this hour of the night, and no body wid you but your own four bones?"

"Faith, and sure enough it is myself," said I, "and who else would you have me?" I said this in a bit of a flurry, bekase I didn't know the fellow, at all at all.

"Arrah! be easy now, Paddy aghud," says he, "and don't be afther getten angry for nothen; for sure I meaned no harm. But why don't you get up out of that?"

'I tried to get up, so I did, and cudn't; kase why? my back was broke. "Christ save us!" says I, "I'm fairly murdered outright, so I am."

"Musha, no you're not," says he "let me only help you;" and, so sayen, he grips me by the middle, and hoists me like a bag of bran upon his shoulders.

"What are you goen to do?" says I.

"Nothen," says he.

"Oh! but you are," says I.

"Whist, you gomulah," says he,

"ent I goen to carry you home?" and with that he trotted away to—I donna where; for, the first place I found myself in was on the top of a castle. "Over you go, Paddy Moran," says he; "have you any word to send to your relations?"

"Och, bother you," says I, "you had like to frighten me out of my senses with your mursha."

"Faith, it is no mursha, Paddy Moran," says he, "and here you go;" and wid that he pops to the bare edge of the top of the castle, and jirks me on his shoulder as if he would throw me over. Oh, by the Powers! I'll never forget the *plop* my heart made as it was about to lep out of my mouth with the fright; and I had no sooner recovered my breath, than my gentleman pops to the other side; and there I thought, faith, that if he was only joken before, he was now in earnest; for he leaned over half a mile as if he was goen to let me slip off his shoulder, as a body would let a sack of wheat slip off on a car. He didn't, though, for all that; but pops to the other side, and kept hopping about that way for an hour. Every minute I thought my life wasn't worth a *smultheen*; for sure, had he slipt with his *ghoster*, there was a clean end of us both.

'At last he says, "Now, Paddy, go home!"

"How can I go, your honor?" says I, for I got afeard of him; and soft words never broke bones.

"How!" says he; "walk, to be sure."

"Musha, and so I wud, your honor, but that I don't know what way; for I donna, for the life o' me, where I am."

"Oh! is that all?" says he; "follow me." And, sure enough, I did follow him down a long stone stairs.

"Can you ride, Paddy?" he axed.

"Troth, I just can, your honor, with or without a saddle, pillion, or *losque*,* as well as any boy in the whole country."

"Well then," says he, "here is a most beautiful bay mare, which will

carry you home; if you promise to bring her back to me to-morrow."

"Oh! sir," says I, "you *may* depend upon it." And wud out more to do, he calls out the mare—a fine horse she was as you'd see in a day's walk-en. I mounted her bare-backed, and ketched the halter.

"Good night, Paddy Moran," says my gentleman; and, before I could say "thank you, kindly," away flew my beast, while the fire flew from her eyes, feet, and nose. I hadn't time to say "God bless us," she ran so fast. I stuck in her mane; and, faith, it was well I did so, for nothen baulked her; she leaped over ditches and hedges, jumped down hills as high as this house, and dived through marle-holes. For a while I stuck in her like a leech; but, finden my opportunity, I slipt off her back; she gave me a kick in the ribs, and then galloped her ways.

'When I got up I looked about me; and, seeing a fire at a little distance, I walked towards it. An ould woman sat by it carding flax. "God save you, Paddy Moran," says she; "are you could?"

"Troth, and I am, and thanky for axen," says I.

"Well, sit down and warm yourself," says she. So I did as I was desired; and soon after fell asleep. By-and-by a fellow comes up and began to *thrash* my head with a flail; I put up my hands and felt the blows—two at a time. "Oh! ho!" says I, "this will never do." I jumped up—wiped my eyes—and found that it was clear daylight, with Kate Murrogh's *puckaan*,† standing on his two hind legs, ready to give me another *thump*. When I looked at myself, I found my clothes all covered with mud; and so I went home, and never afther forgot the Phooka; for, sure it was himself, and no other, that frightened me out of my life.'

When Paddy had concluded, the company were so terrified that none of them would venture to go out alone, even to pull cabbages.‡ Ned Kava-

* A straw saddle.

† Buck goat.

‡ Divination by cabbages is thus managed. A person, at twelve o'clock, goes into the garden blindfolded, and pulls the first head he touches with his or her hand. The appearance of this cabbage indicates whether their future partners are to be tidy or dirty; of much worth, or little good, &c. &c.

nagh, soon after, began to manifest ing to hear another story from symptoms of weariness; and, the the granny relative to All Hallow hour being by this time rather late, Eve. the party withdrew, without wait-

GREECE.

SHALL Mahomet's proud banners wave
Exultingly o'er Freedom's grave?
Shall Pagan rites and Pagan laws
Triumphant trample on the cause
Of Christian Greece oppressed?
Shall glories past for ever seem
As visions of the poet's dream,
By Fiction wildly dressed?

Greece, sacred spot, dear land of Fame!
Shall death for ever shroud thy name?
Shall despot sway for ever thrall thee?
Shall Slavery's chain for ever gall thee?
Shall dastard Ott'man reign
O'er thee, brave soil, that once defied
All Asia's strength, and Asia's pride,
On many a trophied plain?

Oh! 'twas not thus that Byron's name
Kindled thy glory's dying fame:
Oh! 'twas not thus each bard of old
Sung Greece—the fair—the free—the bold—
And bade the lyre declare
How oft for Honour's gory bed
His country's sons their life-blood shed,
Nor thought the purchase dear.

Oh! that each Greek were free once more,
As the wild breeze that sweeps thy shore!
Oh! that their arm the sword could wield,
As once in Marathon's red field,
Where Persia's countless host,
By patriot Grecian bands withstood,
Inglorious with their coward blood,
Dear paid each vain-spiced boast!

Think on those deeds o'er history's page,
That wake to freedom every age:
Think on that ever-glorious day
When Salamis, fame-echoed bay,
Ingulphed vain Persia's fleet;
When the gore-crimsoned Ocean's wave
For ever closed o'er that dark grave,
For Freedom's foemen met.

Remember, Greeks, each age of Fame;
Remember Byron's deathless name;
Think on your soil—your native land,
And let each true-born Grecian hand
Grasp Freedom's blade once more:
On then—and Heaven send every blow
With tenfold vengeance on the foe,
Till Slavery's reign be o'er!

M.

MEMOIR OF ARCHIBALD HAMILTON ROWAN, ESQ.

THIS venerable patriot was born in the parish of St. Anne, Soho, London, on the 12th of May, 1751, O. S. His parents, however, were natives of Ireland. His father's family were descended from the Hamiltons of Scotland, and had been settled in the county of Down from the time of James the First; who, previous to his going to the English throne, had sent one of them to Ireland, to secure his interest in that kingdom. Mr. Rowan's maternal grandfather was a barrister, and a lay-fellow of Trinity College, Dublin. He died in London, where he had resided during the latter years of his life, and bequeathed his fortune to his grandson, who, henceforth, was to add the name of Rowan to that of Hamilton. His will contains the following words:—'I have made the above provision for my grandson, Archibald Hamilton, from personal affection; in hope that he will prove a learned, sober, honest, man;—live unbribed—unpensioned;—loyal to his king—zealous for the rights of his country—and a true Protestant, without bigotry.' But as he considered Ireland at this period not calculated for inspiring the young mind with these sentiments, he interdicted his grandson from visiting the land of his fathers, until he had attained his five-and-twentieth year.

The subject of our memoir received the rudiments of a classical education at a private academy, previous to his entering Westminster School; and finished his studies at Cambridge, where he was fortunate enough to have for his tutor, Dr. Jebb, F.R.S.; who, while he lived, honoured Mr. Rowan with his private friendship. On leaving college, he obtained an ensigncy in the Huntingdon Militia; and, during the time of his holding this commission, he visited America,

in company with his friend the lieutenant-colonel, Lord Charles Montague, governor of South Carolina, and brother to the Duke of Manchester.

On his return from America, he visited the Continent, and spent some years in foreign travel; during which time he acted as second to G. R. Fitzgerald, in that gentleman's duel with Major Baggs, at Valenciennes. In 1781, he married Miss Dawson, an amiable and highly accomplished woman, whose affectionate tenderness, heroic fortitude, and prudent management, deserve more than a passing commendation. During the expatriation of Mr. Rowan, she exerted herself with that zeal, which women only are capable of; and contributed, by her excellent conduct, in no small degree to facilitate the restoration of her beloved husband to his family and country.*

Mr. Rowan is the happy father of several children. His eldest son is captain of the Cambrian frigate; and the records of the British navy bear ample evidence of his undaunted bravery on more occasions than one. Another of his sons volunteered from the Tigre, on board Captain Fane's ship; and fell, fighting by the side of his commander, at the storming of Patomas. We suspect Mr. Peel himself would not require more decisive proofs of loyalty than have been evinced by Mr. Rowan's two sons.

Shortly after his marriage, Mr. Rowan visited Ireland, where he soon acquired an unsolicited popularity by his generous interference in the well-known case of Mary Neal. That warm-hearted people quickly recognised in him those qualities which they possessed themselves in an eminent degree. He was fearless, brave, and benevolent, an enthusiastic admirer of popular rights, and free from

* The following anecdote of this lady is well-known:—In 1798, being on her way from Dublin to London, she stopped at Chester; and, while engaged in writing a letter of business, the mayor of the town introduced himself into her apartment, for the purpose of seizing her papers. Mrs. Rowan, not at all intimidated, demanded by what authority he came; and, being told by that of the Corporation of Chester, she questioned his assertion, and very deliberately stood up—locked the door—and dispatched a note to the military commander of the town, of whom she had a slight knowledge. On that gentleman's arrival, he found the mayor a prisoner in Mrs. Rowan's apartment; and, on an explanation taking place, the chief magistrate of Chester declined examining the lady's papers, which were now offered to be submitted to him.



Arch: Hamilton Rowan

Drawn by J. Comerford—Engraved by R. Cooper.

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all species of sectarian bigotry. Such a man, at a time of national agitation, was likely to attract, and be attracted; and, accordingly, we find him, soon after the formation of the volunteers, a decided favourite with the people.

If Catholicity, as we are told, be favourable to despotism, how comes it that in Ireland—a land where despotism had grown plethoric—it has uniformly produced a spirit of resistance to bad laws and arbitrary power? Protestantism had there, at least, preached the doctrine of passive obedience; and, what's more, practised what it taught. The nation slept beneath an iron code, imposed by foreign domination, until the Catholic helots of the soil aroused her from her prostrate attitude, by the clanking of their chains. To their early efforts, and not, as has been generally supposed, to the volunteers, we are indebted for the growth of those liberal principles which, during the latter part of the last century, sprung up in such luxuriance throughout Ireland. O'Connor and Curry had vindicated Catholicity long before the American Revolt or the French Revolution; and, though much must be ascribed to these great events, let it never be forgotten that the principles of freedom had been previously promulgated in Catholic statements of grievances, remonstrances, and petitions. These were the instruments which first conveyed liberal opinions into Ireland. The bigots became alarmed; but more enlightened Protestants started, on discovering that they had for a century been accessory to injustice and tyranny. This must have been the case. How else can we account for the sudden appearance of liberality in a kingdom then groaning under the penal laws? In less than ten years after the Catholics had made their first appeal, their cause became almost universally popular. The volunteers were nearly unanimous in reprobation of the Popery Laws; and all those who contemplated a national independence commenced their career by advocating Emancipation.

Among those who proved themselves at this period sincerely attached to the cause of Ireland, the subject

of our memoir stood conspicuous. His character, his fortune, and his undoubted courage, placed him above suspicion; and, whatever might have been ascribed to enthusiasm, nothing could possibly be attributed to unworthy motives. In 1792, we find Mr. Rowan a member of the club of *United Irishmen*—a society which then sought only a reform of parliament.

'I must do the society,' says the unfortunate Theobald Wolfe Tone, 'the justice to say, that I believe there never existed a political body which included for its members a greater portion of sincere uncorrupted patriotism, as well as a very respectable portion of talents. Their publications, mostly written by Dr. Drennan, and many of them admirably well done, began to draw the public attention, especially as they were evidently the production of a society utterly disclaiming all party views or motives, and acting on a broad original scale, not sparing those who called themselves patriots more than those who were the habitual slaves of the government—a system in which I heartily concurred, having long entertained a more sincere contempt for what is called the *Opposition*, than for the common prostitutes of the treasury bench, who want, at least, the vice of hypocrisy. At length the Solicitor-general, in speaking of the Society, having made use of expressions in the House of Commons extremely offensive, an explanation was demanded of him by Simon Butler, chairman, and Tandy, secretary. Butler was satisfied; Tandy was not; and after several messages, which it is not my affair to detail, the Solicitor-general at length complained to the House of a breach of privilege, and Tandy was ordered in the first instance into custody. He was, in consequence, arrested by a messenger, from whom he found means to escape; and immediately a proclamation was issued, offering a reward for retaking him. The Society now was in a difficult situation, and I thought myself called upon to make an effort, at all hazards to myself, to prevent its falling, by improper timidity, in the public opinion. We were, in fact, committed

with the House of Commons on the question of privilege; and, having fairly engaged in the contest, it was impossible to recede without a total forfeiture of character. Under these circumstances, I cast my eyes on Archibald Hamilton Rowan, a distinguished member of the Society, whose many virtues, public and private, had set his name above the reach of even the malevolence of party; whose situation in life was of the most respectable rank (if rank be indeed respectable); and, above all, whose personal courage was not to be shaken—a circumstance, in the actual situation of affairs, of the last importance. To Rowan, therefore, I applied. I showed him that the current of public opinion was rather setting against us in the business, and that it was necessary that some of us should step forward and expose themselves at all risks, to show the House of Commons, and the nation at large, that we were not to be intimidated or put down so easily; and I offered, if he would take the chair, that I would, with the Society's permission, act as secretary, and that we would give our signatures to such publications as circumstances might render necessary. Rowan instantly agreed; and accordingly, on the next night of meeting, he was chosen chairman and I secretary in the absence of Tandy; and the Society having agreed to the resolutions proposed, which were worded in a manner very offensive to the dignity of the House of Commons, and, in fact, amounted to a challenge of their authority, we inserted them in all the newspapers, and printed 5,000 copies with our names affixed. The least that Rowan and I expected in consequence of this step, (which under the circumstances was, I must say, rather a bold one,) was to be committed to Newgate for a breach of privilege; and, perhaps, exposed to personal discussion with some of the members of the House of Commons; for he proposed, and I agreed, that if any disrespectful language was applied to either of us in any debate which might arise on the business, we would attack the person, whoever he might be, immediately,

and oblige him either to recant his words or give battle. All our determinations, however, came to nothing. The House of Commons, either content with their victory over Tandy, who was obliged to conceal himself for some time, or not thinking Rowan and myself objects sufficiently important to attract their notice; or, perhaps, (which I rather believe,) not wishing just then to embroil themselves with a man of Rowan's firmness and courage, not to speak of his great and justly merited popularity, took no notice whatsoever of our resolutions; and in this manner he and I had the good fortune, or, if I may say, the merit, to rescue the Society from a situation of considerable difficulty, without any actual suffering, though certainly with some personal hazard, on our parts. We had, likewise, the satisfaction to see the Society, instead of losing ground, rise rapidly in the public opinion by their firmness on the occasion. Shortly after, on the last day of the session, Tandy appeared in public, and was taken into custody, the whole Society attending in a body to the House of Commons. He was ordered by the Speaker to be committed to Newgate, whither he was conveyed, the Society attending him as before; and the Parliament being prorogued in half an hour after, he was liberated immediately, and escorted in triumph to his own house. On this occasion Rowan and I attended, of course, and were in the gallery of the House of Commons. As we were not sure but we might be attacked ourselves, we took pains to place ourselves in a conspicuous situation, and to wear our Whig-club uniforms, which were rather gaudy, in order to signify to all whom it might concern, that there we were. A good many of the members, we observed, remarked us, but no farther notice was taken; our names were never mentioned; the whole business passed over quietly, and I resigned my pro-secretaryship, being the only office I ever held in the Society, into the hands of Tandy, who resumed his functions.'

On Tandy's quitting Ireland, Mr. Rowan became secretary to the so-

ciety; and, having affixed his name to various addresses, he had an *ex-officio* filed against him for a libel. His trial came on in the Court of King's Bench, Dublin, on the 29th of January, 1794, before the Judges Clonmell, Boyd, and Downs. The result is well known*; Mr. Rowan was sentenced to two years' imprisonment, and fined 500l. While in Newgate a government spy found his way into his presence; and, having insinuated himself into his confidence, of course betrayed him. On the 28th of April he discovered the extent of his danger; and instantly decided on evading it. Three days afterwards, he had the address to prevail on the gaoler to accompany him, at night, to his house; and, under pretence of having a few words to say in private to Mrs. Rowan, he obtained permission to retire into the back drawing-room. At the gaoler's request the folding-door was left open, and Mr. Rowan lost no time in availing himself of the advantage so opportunely afforded. His excellent lady had contrived the means of escape: by a rope he descended from

the window into the back yard, and in the stable found a horse ready saddled. Disguising himself in a peasant's great coat he proceeded to the residence of his attorney, Mr. Dowling, who was in the secret of his design; unfortunately, that gentleman's house was filled with guests, and by his advice Mr. Rowan proceeded to the top of Sackville-street, opposite the Rotunda, where he continued to walk up and down, in the most anxious state of suspense, for an hour and a half. At length his friend appeared, and after a short conference Mr. Rowan proceeded to the house of Mr. Sweetman, near Baldoyle, where he continued for a few days. Desirous of being further from danger, he embarked in the pleasure-boat of his friend; and, after having been obliged to put back the next day to Howth†, he at length succeeded in reaching the coast of France; a thick fog having enabled him to pass unobserved through the British Channel fleet.

Mr. Rowan for some time took up his abode in Paris; but, in one of the political convulsions which were then

* Curran was Mr. Rowan's counsel; his speech on this occasion is supposed to have surpassed his former efforts. The following passage is certainly without a parallel in either ancient or modern oratory:—

“Do you think it wise or humane, at this moment, to insult them (the Catholics) by sticking up in the pillory the man who dared to stand forth as their advocate? I put it to your oaths; do you think that a blessing of that kind, that a victory obtained by justice over bigotry and oppression, should have a stigma cast upon it by an ignominious sentence upon men bold and honest enough to propose that measure?—to propose the redeeming of religion from the abuses of the church, the reclaiming of three millions of men from bondage, and giving liberty to all who had a right to demand it?—Giving, I say, in the so-much censured words of this paper—giving ‘Universal Emancipation?’

“I speak in the spirit of the British law, which makes liberty commensurate with, and inseparable from, British soil; which proclaims even to the stranger and the sojourner, the moment he sets his foot upon British earth, that the ground on which he treads is holy, and consecrated by the genius of universal emancipation. No matter in what language his doom may have been pronounced—no matter what complexion, incompatible with freedom, an Indian or an African sun may have burnt upon him—no matter in what disastrous battle his liberty may have been cloven down—no matter with what solemnities he may have been devoted upon the altar of slavery—the first moment he touches the sacred soil of Britain, the altar and the god sink together in the dust; his soul walks abroad in her own majesty; his body swells beyond the measure of his chains that burst from around him; and he stands redeemed, regenerated, and disenthralled, by the irresistible genius of Universal Emancipation.”

† Mr. Sheil has related the following anecdote:—‘They put to sea at night; but, a gale of wind coming on, they were compelled to put back, and take shelter under the lee of the Hill of Howth. While at anchor there, on the following morning, a small revenue-cruiser, sailing by, threw into the boat copies of the proclamations that had issued, offering 2,000l. for the apprehension of Hamilton Rowan. The weather having moderated, the boat pushed out to sea again. They had reached the mid-channel, when a situation occurred almost equalling in dramatic interest the celebrated “*Cæsarem vehis*” of antiquity. It would certainly make a fine subject for a picture.

rapidly taking place, he was obliged to fly. At this time he escaped by rowing himself down the Seine, in a wherry, and answered the challenges of the military placed on each side with so much address, that he was allowed to pass unmolested. From France he went to America, and resided on the banks of the Delaware. By the advice of some friends, in the hope of lessening the anxieties of exile, he was induced to embark in a cotton concern; but, knowing nothing of commerce, he soon abandoned all manufacturing pursuits. At length, political convulsions having subsided in Ireland, Mr. Rowan, after an absence of several years, was restored by an act of royal clemency to his home, where he has since lived surrounded by domestic love. The *Amor Patriæ*, however, is not yet dead within him; when the late Catholic Association erected an altar to Liberty, Hamilton Rowan approached it with his offering, and, though his character was assailed for doing so, like gold in the furnace, it has shone brighter and purer from the ordeal it has recently gone through.

'It is not now,' says the subject of our memoir, in a letter addressed to his children, 'my intention to vindicate the express act which caused my then exiled situation. I was sensible that I had been concerned in a transaction, for which the law of my country would have separated me from the world; and though I found a strong self-justification in my being conscious, that if I had erred, it had been in concert with some of the most virtuous and patriotic characters in Ireland; yet I felt a degree of gratitude to the existing powers of the country from which I had fled, for the protection which my family experienced, after my escape from prison.

'As to the *ex-officio* prosecution under which I had been previously sentenced to two years' imprisonment in Newgate, the being in custody already eventually saved my life; and

As the boat careered along before a favourable wind, the exiled Irishman perceived the boatmen grouped apart, perusing one of the proclamations, and, by their significant looks and gestures, discovering that they had recognised the identity of their passenger with the printed description, "Your conjectures are right, my lads," said Rowan; "my life is in your hands—but you are Irishmen." They hung the proclamation overboard, and the boat continued her course.'

your mother's prudent conduct during my absence, not only enabled her to pay the fine of 500*l.* which had been laid on me, but also facilitated my return to Ireland.

'I am convinced that no modification of my civil existence would have taken place, if Lord Castlereagh had opposed it. But I am bound in gratitude to the memory of Lord Clare to say, that I am equally certain that my family retained my property, after my outlawry; and that I owe my pardon, after his decease, to his previous interference in my behalf.

'However, although he did not afford me any previous assistance, Lord Castlereagh was very attentive to my different applications to him during two years nearly that I remained in London, while the scruples of the Lord Chancellor delayed the ratification of my pardon.

'In that interval he offered to place one of my sons in the College of Marlow, and give him a commission in the East India Company's service. These were attentions, which, though not accepted, ought not to be forgotten.'

Mr. Hamilton Rowan is now in his seventy-fifth year. Age has not yet impaired any of his faculties; and his noble countenance indicates what he has been—a man of a truly energetic mind, firm and decided. Lavater, would have doated on his portrait; for it is a correct index of an open, sincere, and manly, disposition. The accompanying engraving is a most correct likeness.

If Mr. Hamilton Rowan's political life has been without reproach, his private life defies calumny. His manners are of the most amiable and fascinating kind; and the best proof that can be adduced of the respect in which he is held by all classes is to be found in the burst of indignation which followed the attack lately made on him by some members of the House of Commons.

RORY O'ROURKE, ESQ. TO DANIEL O'CONNELL, ESQ.

ON THE PRESENT ASPECT OF CATHOLIC AFFAIRS.

MY DEAR SIR,—I am sorry to find that you have not followed the advice I so kindly gave you, when I last dined with you in Dublin. In spite of my remonstrance—of my entreaty—you have once more taken flight on the *wings*. Not satisfied with vindicating your own motives and conduct, you became an advocate of two abominable measures, long since condemned by the unanimous voice of the Irish people. You might have collected this from various and cautious resolutions passed at county meetings; and you ought to have inferred that your popularity was suspected, from the votes of confidence which have been passed. In your letter to the Catholics of Louth, I traced the *lawyer* through every sentence. You were supporting a cause which your conscience condemned; and hence the disingenuity which peeps through your artful web of sophistry. Neither your premises nor your conclusions were logical; and, on examining parliamentary documents, I find that most of your facts are erroneous. But it is idle to talk now of these *wings*. Every man—save aristocratic mercenaries—is convinced that they were fraught with mischief. Dr. England's admirable letters have settled the question respecting the forty-shilling freeholders; and your own motion in the Association, relative to the suffering Catholics in the Netherlands, is a pretty good comment on the plan for pensioning our venerable clergy. On this question you have stated some *queer* things, under the solemn obligation of an oath; but, as it was undoubtedly a *rash* one, I hereby absolve you from the consequences. Should any thing in future occur respecting the golden wing, pray keep the Catholics of the Netherlands in recollection. Like us, they are the subjects of a Protestant government; and, though John Black, and other intellectual newspaper editors, tell us wonderful things about the toleration of reformed creeds, the history of Europe, unfortunately, contains very

different information. They must, therefore, undergo another reformation before sincere Catholics can permit their clergy to receive annual bribes from their hands.

You know my manner of speaking my mind freely; and, therefore, will excuse this open disapproval of part of your conduct. You can do this the more readily, because you do me great injustice if you suppose that, on the earth, you have a more sincere friend than Rory O'Rourke. I am, also, your admirer. Many things about you I am far—very far—from liking; but still there is a something in Daniel O'Connell which an Irishman, in spite of himself, must love. Our poor country and her cause are your debtors; and never more so than at the present moment. Assailed on all sides by dubious friends and open enemies, you have disdained to flinch from your station. Attacked by Cobbett and Lawless, you stand forward the friend of the SIX MILLIONS; and will, I have no doubt, continue firm until their just claims are granted. This deserves something more than mere praise—it merits gratitude; and I, for one, own myself your debtor.

'Tis true you are not the most profound of philosophers. On many points you may, with advantage, acquire additional knowledge; and, perhaps, on the whole, you might be more useful if you had been better informed. But at present you are decidedly the fittest man in the world to support the cause of Ireland. Indeed you seem to have been providentially sent into the world at a time when such talents as yours were peculiarly wanted. Of *modesty* you have quite enough; had you more, you never could withstand the artillery of a base press; had you less, it is agreed on all hands that you would be insufferable. As it is, a happy medium is embraced; and you look like one of those beautiful statues, where the drapery, without concealing the beauties, hides what should never be revealed.

We have heard much respecting the qualification of many of our countrymen for leading in popular assem-

blies. To be sure eloquence is by no means an exotic in Ireland: indeed it is supposed to grow spontaneously on the Suire as well as on the Shannon; among the hills of Kerry, as well as in the plains of Leinster. But, though the multitude, like certain noisy animals, will generally follow him who gives most *tongue*, there is something else necessary to guide them beside fine tropes and beautiful metaphors. Sheil is decidedly the most eloquent man in Ireland. As an orator he stands deservedly high; but then he is so deficient in judgment—is such an avowed *Vetoist*—that he never can be a leader. Who then is qualified to supply Daniel O'Connell's place? 'I pause for a reply, but none answer.' The truth is, there is no one. Do then, my friend, continue in your post. Say no more about the *wings*. Collect the *Rent*—no matter what becomes of the money—and make as many speeches as possible. Nothing like keeping up the ball; inquiry will thereby be provoked; England must listen: and, once John Bull is made to lend an attentive ear, depend upon his sympathy. Fanatics and intolerants may rave: but John is a calculating man. He will soon estimate the amount of Irish grievances; and, though he may continue to hate Pope and Popery, he will never consent to be a party to injustice. You have very properly, but, considering your former eulogies, not quite consistently, reproached the English people with national vanity. Vain they certainly are; and, if this be a fault, I know no people who are not subject to the same charge, without, perhaps, having Bull's apology. This egotism—this boasting, however, is all in your favour. The English people pride themselves on being liberal; on being the friends of civil liberty; and on being the enemies of oppression wherever it is inflicted. Consistently with this they cannot be—in fact, they are not—the enemies of Ireland. Every one of them, who knows any thing of your affairs, sympathizes with you; and, to insure their united co-operation, you have only to put them in possession of facts. None but a madman, or an editor of a newspaper, would talk about the re-enact-

ment of the Penal Code. Sir Thomas Lethbridge, himself, would feel indignation at such a proposal; and be assured that John Bull would be the last man in the world who would lend it his support. No, no; limited as his information is at present, enough is known of Ireland to convince him, that she stands in need of no additional grievance.

My friends in Dublin are in the constant habit of reproaching John Bull with his ignorance of Ireland; but give me leave to say that he knows much more of Paddy than Paddy knows of him. In fact, I must confess, that my countrymen are, in general, profoundly ignorant of Englishmen, English habits, and English manners. John Bull is not quite so superior an animal to Paddy as has been generally supposed; and Ireland is not quite so inferior to her sister as she has been represented. The 'Dublin and London Magazine,' to which I am a worthy contributor, has thrown some light on this subject; and has been rapidly doing what the Catholic Association *ought* to have done. It has been disabusing the English mind of its absurd prejudices and mistaken notions respecting Ireland; while it has been telling my countrymen some wholesome and important truths. Yet I do not find, from the proceedings of the Catholic Association, that this publication has been ordered for the use of members. A hint is enough, &c.

A free press you have promised to support; but hitherto you have paid very little, if any, attention to this powerful instrument. You published a very *queer* address to the people of this country; but, though fourteen thousand pounds of the *Rent* lay inoperative, you never thought of expending a single thousand of it in placing most important documents in the hands of the English people. I allude to the evidence of Drs. Doyle and Murray before the Select Committees. Your own *evidence*, indeed, might probably remain where it is; but the testimony of these Prelates should have been laid before the public. With about one thousand pounds I would engage to put a copy into the hands of every man in England; and, were this done, the benefit would

have been incalculable. It is not yet too late. Efforts (vain ones, it is true—are making to awaken the no-popery yell; and what so likely to counteract this species of seduction, as the mild, candid, and Christian testimony of our venerable bishops? The English Catholic Association, to be sure, have a Defence Committee: but they want that clue to energy which you possess; and, though their Tracts are calculated to do much good, they do not excite the attention which Irish Tracts would command.

Do therefore, my friend, take my suggestion into consideration. Be no longer content with *talking* about the press—make *use* of it. If not, the Association will betray its trust, disappoint the public, and do but little good. Speeches are very useful in their way; but the publication of *facts*, in a popular and permanent form, is what England requires.

Disposed, however, as the English mind is to view Ireland with candour, we have yet much to encounter, much to overcome, before we can expect the completion of our object. A mass of ignorance is opposed to us, and a band of interested intolerants are arrayed against us. These obstacles, however, will yield to perseverance. Men may be intimidated as well as persuaded; and I would, therefore, recommend, that you make as little boast as possible of your loyalty. Irish Catholics—degraded and insulted—cannot be loyal; and, were they to continue in a state of quiescence, though hopeless of Emancipation, the event would demonstrate that, in refusing redress, the English government acted with wisdom. The time is gone, thank God! when loyalty was a sentiment. It is now a commodity which nations will give you an estimate of, and tell you that men may be at the same time loyal to their king, and traitors to their country. Foreign influence you do well to disclaim. Tell the 'Courier' that the time is not arrived, and pray

God it may never arrive, when foreign influence would be useful to Ireland. Events, however, might render it necessary, might render it imperative; but these events can never take place if England do you justice; and I feel quite confident that she will do you justice, because it will be her interest to do so. Without Ireland she is nothing: and Ireland she will lose, unless she conciliates her. Keep this in mind, and take care that your enemies shall not forget it. It is a warning voice, and the oftener it is heard the better. It may be disagreeable to the bigots, but, like physic, its nauseousness will not prevent its producing very beneficial effects.

Once more I must call on you to appeal to the press of this country. In Ireland your cause is understood and supported by nine-tenths of the people; but here, an inert mass of intolerance is opposed to you. You must force the people of England into a thinking attitude before you can expect them to yield to reason. Your apparent friends are every moment ready to betray you. The 'Morning Chronicle' does you quite as much harm as good; and, as for the 'Times,' nothing is to be expected from it. 'It fights,' as the 'Edinburgh Review' says, 'no up-hill battle;' while it was never yet known to support the weaker side. 'It runs with the hare, and holds with the hound,' as we say in Ireland; and is ever ready to pounce upon the prostrate. This accounts for its vacillating conduct lately; and furnishes a powerful proof of the progress our cause has made; for, were not the editor of the 'Times' in doubt, respecting the popularity of the Catholic question, he would have had no hesitation from the beginning to support the no-popery cry. As it is, he knows not distinctly which side is the most popular.

Yours, &c.

RORY O'ROURKE.

Bedford Square.

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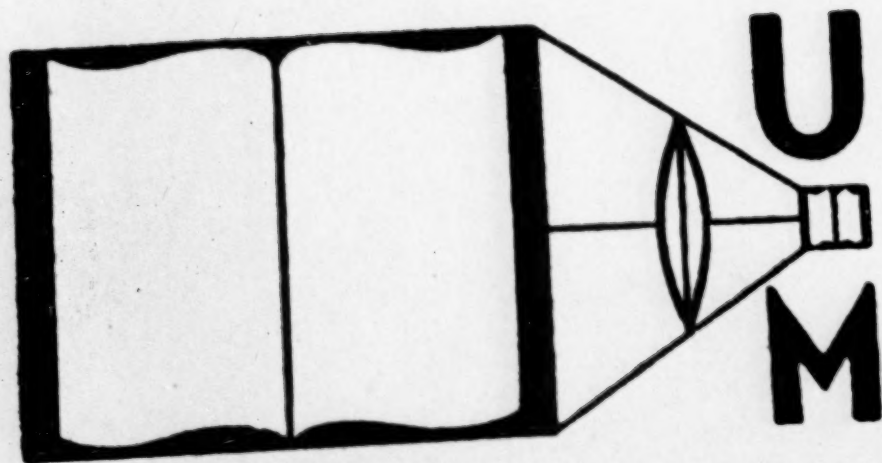
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